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From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

Plays the title role in the Biblical drama, "Esther," to be produced shortly by the new theatrical firm of Dodge and Poganv.

THE AUDIENCES OF YESTERDAY

Public taste demands sex and sensation instead of romance and sentiment

By DANIEL FROHMAN

WITHOUT the tang of criticism, merely in that spirit which pleasant impressions fasten upon our lives, we can review them. Instead of beginning with the tiresome accuracy of scientific boredom, let's forget dates and supplement impressions, thereby throwing off the years as if they were a cloak to indicate only a change in the seasons.

For statistical record, some are called managers, others are called actors, but their work should be a mutual endeavor to constantly improve an industry called the theatre. In the department of management to which I have been allotted, there have been many changes, but my own impressions of the theatre, which began years ago, persist in spite of them.

In the earlier seasons of the theatre, plays were written to be acted. The play was the first consideration, and the actors did their best with it. In selecting a play the manager had in mind its adaptability to the hearts of young and old, of the generation I knew. I remember particularly, with much warmth, the kind of audiences we, in the managers' department, had to please. The American theatre began as a cheerful, clean, entertaining place. Any attempt by the playwright or the manager to invade the slums of life, to produce a play which dealt with the degradations of human nature would have made those audiences indignant. They were nice people, living in a New York that was very different from the New York of to-day. They wanted nice plays, and they got them.

AT the risk of appearing to be old-fashioned, which no man in theatrical life can ever find time to become, I remember those audiences that came to the old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue, with special pride. They were the best, the prettiest, the youngest and the oldest of New York's social world.

New Yorkers were more real then than they are now. The New Yorker as I knew him then was not such an obvious leader of finance. He was much more of a home maker. To say this of him to-day would be in the main untrue, but, in those first seasons of my stock company in the little Lyceum I had to weigh the character of a play by the obligations due his family, especially to his pretty daughters who spent their never-to-be-forgotten Saturday matinées dividing their emotions between *bon-bons* and plays. There were certain definite rules by which a play for the Lyceum was protected. First of all, it had to end happily. Its entanglements of heart or villainy must not go too deeply into the psychology of love or crime, and it would have to be a play thoroughly cleansed of sex appeal. I don't know positively, of course, but it is my impression that those audiences did not consider sex a desirable theme for the play. That is, the American stage didn't think so. Of course, in England and in France where literature and art were more advanced, the theatre was more outspoken. In America, however, we were slow to mature into the frankness we have now reached. It is not so long ago that Pinero spelled questionable morals in his play "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and Daudet's "Sapho" was submitted to police censorship. Personally, I think artistic motive excuses much, but in the days when I was unconsciously living among the "stars" the plays I produced were articles that no one need be ashamed to sell. They had two prime requirements—cleanliness and happy endings.

I CAN'T help thinking that those audiences of that springtime season in the American theatre were pioneers in a dramatic taste that should have stayed with us. They liked the American idea of dialogue, character, scene, and even plot. They wanted to see the foreigner as they saw him then, a queer-looking, queer-sounding, queer-thinking individual from our American standard. Many of us remember the jumping-jack Frenchman, the excitable Italian, the fortune-hunting Englishman, the funny little German, the witty Irishman. The latter, by the way, was an ally that the playwright could always use in his plot, advantageously. The Irishman was among the most adaptable characters to the American theatre as he was to the laws of our country.

Most of the plays selected by me for the old Lyceum were plays of sentiment, romance, tenderness, humor and ultimate happiness. Above all, they were happy plays. Audiences in New York, in those days, cared little for unhappy plays. They gave the American stage the right impulse, and they got the reaction of a pleasant evening in the theatre. Later, the years rolled up cloudy nights, and gloom came upon us in plays and in the movies. Gloom, it seems to me, has become inseparable from the way people enjoy themselves in the theatre to-day. Plays are all, more or less "dont's" so far as moral purpose in them is concerned. In crime-plays we are inspired to sympathize with the criminal, in sex-plays we are invited to think about forbidden things, in musical plays we are directed to make up, in anatomical interest, for what they lack of musical interest. But, this is only said by the way, by contrast to the time when there was an American stage for Americans who were normal men and women, with good taste in youth and romantic enthusiasm that survived when they grew older.

IT so happened, though I didn't know it at the time, that my stock company had astral quality. I was harboring "stars" who did not perceive their destiny anymore than I did, at the time. In certain degrees of astral temperament they were very proficient, however. Often, when I cast a play those actors rebelliously attacked my decision, refusing to play the parts assigned to them. As to plays, in those days of optimism in the theatre, I was fortunate in becoming associated with two young men who caught the spirit of their times admirably, who understood just the exact difference between sentiment and sentimentality, just the quantity and quality that the best New York audiences wanted in a play. They were comparatively unknown then. They wrote "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," and the greatest success I had, "The Charity Ball." Their names were not less famous to the theatregoers of the eighties, than they are to their many audiences of to-day. The late H. C. DeMille left two sons whose careers prove that they inherit his genius. David Belasco has gloomed up tremendously since then. Belasco always understood his public. The Belasco-DeMille plays written for my stock company at the old Lyceum were well balanced optimistic stories of that domestic and social period when New York was an American city, which it is no more. "The Wife" in its very choice of title interprets a period in New York when men and women were socially related. "The Charity Ball" symbolizes that element in the life of New York when there was a society pride and dignity that has long been driven out by money and noise. These young playwrights were fortunate in having such an excellent stock company to write for, and such a responsive, delighted audience, too. The playwright surely enjoyed his influence over the matinée girls. What a charming, ingenious, alert, enthusiastically romantic lot they were! In themselves a flower garden of beauty to see, they filled the theatre with their own glamour of romance which they brought with them. Those matinées were the first hours of emotional adventure when the New York girl in her "teens" imagined herself a wise and world-worn woman.

THEY were happy hours for the actors, too. They couldn't help feel the impulsive charm of those eager romanticists who hung upon every word and scene with impassioned interest.

Of course, my company, I feel, was exceptional. But it was possible in those days. The road tours were limited, there were fewer theatres, the stage had not been commercialized for the country at large. It was not a trade in those days, it was still an art. I paid one of my pseudo-stars $60.00 a week, and when later due to the obvious rush of commercial prospect I raised it to $75, he was quite proud and lavish. Looking from a side window of my study, I can now see his name carved in stone over a very portentious theatre which he owns. Only the other day, one of my old Lyceum company, since risen to her astral fate in the theatre said reproachfully to me: "You only paid me $50 a week." I was obliged to answer: "Yes, but I didn't charge you as a beginner anything for direction on the stage." Perhaps, in the manager's department, there is some credit due us from the "stars" on this account. Perhaps, we managers did something for the actors. Certainly men like Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, A. M. Palmer and Charles Frohman accomplished wonderful things for the stage in their way.

Of course, there were different kinds of audiences, with certain definite expectations in plays, that the managers themselves guaranteed. English playwrights were usually always under-

stood, on the American stage. The French writers were handicapped at first by a point of view that the American audiences could not quite adopt. Some of the early German plays, because of a certain gloomy character, for some time were classed with the Ibsen problem plays, and had some difficulty in finding interest in the American theatre. The American stage had its enemies too. A great many people regarded the theatre with suspicion, they did not approve of the theatre at all. Those were the days when artistic expression of an emotional character was considered a bit dangerous to morals. We were very much occupied in the theatre with sustaining its morals at one time. Our audiences were the chief part of our responsibility as managers. Many of us have never lost the tendency to weigh the consequences of producing a play that might offend the manners or the principles of contemporary life. We were taught this lesson by the audiences of the old Lyceum Theatre stock days.

The plays we gave then were not in advance of their own ideas, we gave them no new ideas to think about. We merely supplied their imagination with the kind of romance they believed in. It was the romance of adventure in love, picturesquely adorned, highly colored, stories of gallantry and poetic setting. One recalls "The Prisoner of Zenda," as one of those plays in point. The audiences, quite properly, regarded James K. Hackett as a hero of indisputable gallantry, in plays of that sort. I fancy that his performance in "Madame Sans Gene" will rank as one of his best. But, compared to the entertainment modern audiences require to-day, these successes of the past may seem archaic. Perhaps those audiences might also find much to disapprove of in the tastes of our modern audiences too.

There was a formula of dramatic dialogue written for those audiences of the past also, that would not be taken seriously to-day. Fancy this line, for instance. When the villain insidiously declares his admiration for his friend's wife, she replied haughtily: "Remember, sir, you are speaking to his wife!" Making love to other men's wives had not become a pastime among the audiences of the old Lyceum Theatre. They liked the theatrical effect. Those audiences did not object to theatricalism so much as they did to realism. Their thrills were modest quiverings, innocent perceptions of the unreal. And, who shall say that they were wrong. How beautifully they responded to the romantic flavor of swords and fans.

The Belasco-de Mille plays were new ideas in the sense that they brought the essence of romance nearer to the audience. They saw the hero in a coat like their own, and the heroine wore evening dresses, with the same discretion as the audiences wore them in the theatre. It was something of an experiment to give them men and women looking like themselves, openly discussing the plot and passion of their secret lives. To be sure, the plays did not have in them any very startling situations, in the sense that such things are in the theatre to-day. Love scenes were played with due regard to certain formalities that the audiences themselves would expect in their own adventures of the heart. It was possible to hold an audience spell-bound with a long love scene played over an old sun-dial in a garden, without once letting the lover even touch the hand of the girl. These were the reservations of the period. The emotional impulses of those audiences were mostly with restraint of feeling, which was what they understood and shared. The humor of those plays was never reached by slang or sharp vulgarity. It was delightful to observe how regularly the characters were accepted according to the social rating they received on the program. A senator was a man above reproach, a financier seemed to be, quite naturally, the temptation of the innocent girl, the widow was always a woman of wordly wisdom, the ingenue, a pretty, harmless, desirable young girl, the mother something holy and lovable, the father a man of unlimited means. Generally speaking, these were the key-stones of the American play as those audiences expected to find them. They were regarded as extremely modern plays, and any attempt to break the rules of these dramatic laws spelled disaster in the theatre.

Although the old Lyceum Stock Company was remarkable for its talent and the beauty of its women, I discovered that the actors were only a part of my success. Everything depended on the play. It would surprise modern audiences if I were to tell them of some of the failures which these actors made in certain plays. But the kind public remembers not failures but successes. One of our foremost stars to-day who was a member of my company was a success in only one part of the several parts he played. The audiences of those days were not easily fooled. They knew a good performer from a poor one, they were discriminating to the highest degree. They took some personal interest in the actors, of course. They were unanimously pleased with Mary Mannering in ingenue rôles, but none of them thought of her in more exacting parts. They were delighted with the emotional charm of Henry Miller in the tender manliness of certain parts in which he excelled in his youth, but they never would have imagined him then in the stronger characters he has since played. Herbert Kelcey and Georgia Cayvan satisfied them completely in the reserve of their fine technique, and their warm simplicity. Bessie Tyree in her contagious comedy, Effie Shannon delighted them with her poetic frailty, and E. H. Sothern inspired them with his delicate spontaneity in "Lord Chumley." There were many others. Yet who, among those audiences, remotely believed that most of these actors were made of the brilliant stuff that "stars" are made of?

I, for one, didn't, not because I failed to understand their professional value, but because a "star" was an unknown quality in the theatre. In those days it meant more artistically to be a star than to-day. To-day, a stock company of the same character as the one I directed at the old Lyceum Theatre would be impossible, because actors of the same caliber to-day earn independent fortunes, which no one theatre could earn for them. I don't wish to enter into the discussion of motion pictures, but everyone knows that this great industry has so commercialized the artistic elements of the theatre, that actors are no longer compelled to consider their art as a thing apart from their economic lives.

Talking with a manager the other day about what modern audiences require, I told him that one of the surprises to me was the success of the tragic story in the theatre. Take the success of "The Jest" for instance. That sort of play could not have succeeded with the audiences we have been talking about. Serious, dramatic and artistic as it is, nevertheless it is a gloomy play.

Then, consider also the success of Tolstoi's "The Redemption." Was it Tolstoi or was it Jack Barrymore and a large bit of Hopkins? Crowds flocked to the theatre to share the grief and tragedy of the story.

To assume that the success of such plays is due entirely to fine acting, would be encouraging, but I am inclined to believe that the world nevertheless is not anxious to be gloomy, and that what used to be regarded as pleasure has become merely dissipation in the theatre.

THE JOYS OF THE ROAD

(With profound apologies to Bliss Carman)

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these;
An utter lack of comfort or ease.

A wait at midnight from twelve to two,
Then jouncing and bouncing the hours through.

To bed at four and arise at eight,
And no complaints if the train is late.

The country hotels with their shabby floors
And the Regulations tacked on the doors.

With steak for breakfast and mush for tea
And lots of bad coffee for you and for me.

The dressing rooms have a musty smell
And the creatures are many that in them dwell.

The suit-case heavy and heavier grows
Till it weighs a ton at the journey's close.

Yet over it all there's a comradeship bright
A greeting at morning, a gay jest at night.

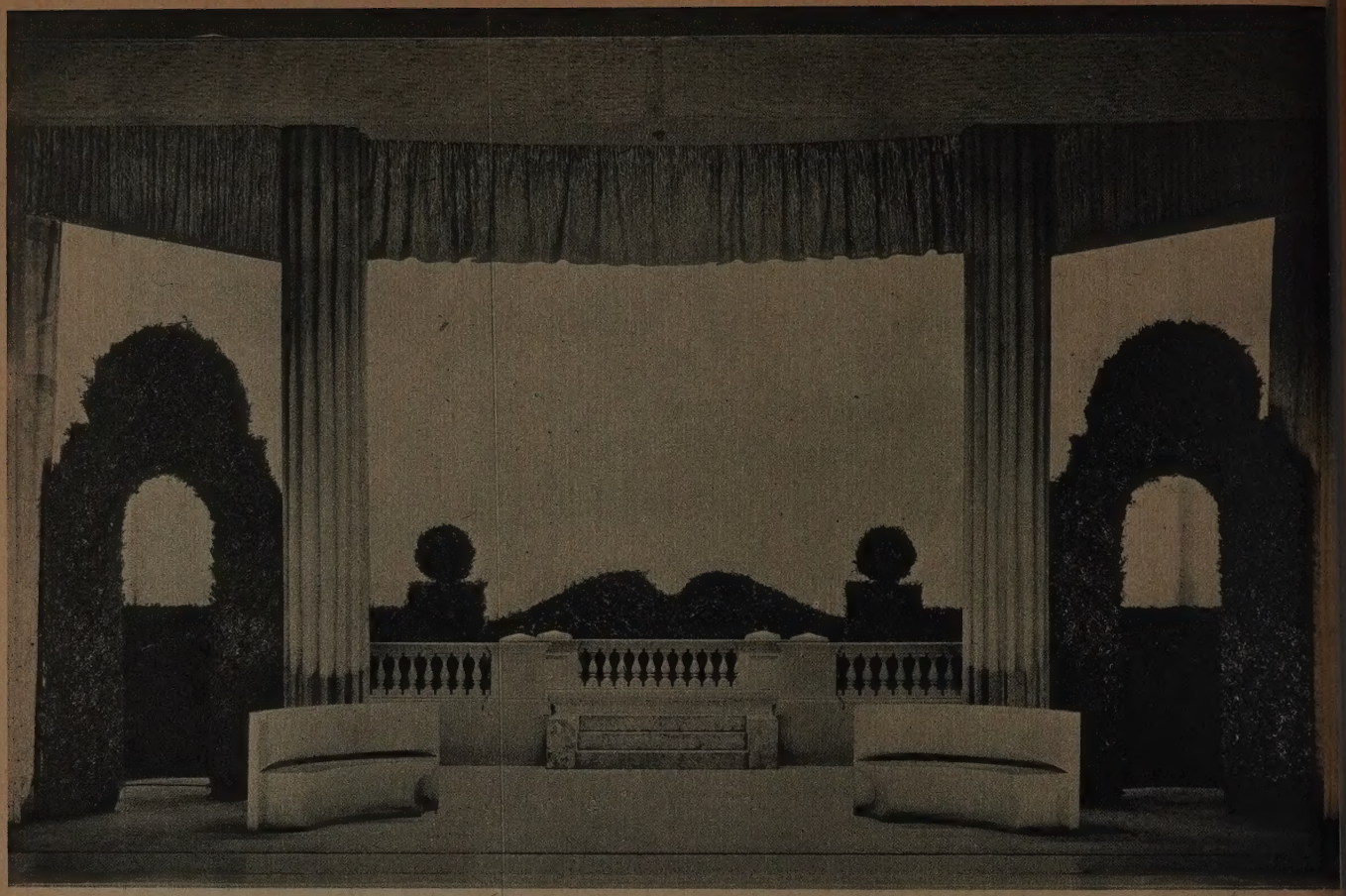
A kindly word here and a helping hand there
Make all the hardships so easy to bear.

And best of it all there's the lure of the work
The joyous duty you would not shirk.

Full co-operation of brain and heart
For the joy of the task and love of the art.

Yes, the joys of the road full the hardships outweigh
And lighten and brighten each wearisome day.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.



Interesting new setting by Unitt and Wickes for Olivia's Garden in Sothern and Marlowe's production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"

To Julia Marlowe

(Upon her return to the stage)

WHEN knighthood was in flower,
And men wore armored suits;
When ladyes fair with nut brown hair
Danced to the sound of lutes—
We saw your form among the trees,
We heard your laugh upon the breeze—
A joyous, elfin laugh I trow
Marlowe!

When men risked life for love,
To gain a fair maid's smile;
When youths were rash and swords would clash
And valour strove with guile—
We saw you standing near a pool,
We heard you tease a love-sick fool—
We watched you with our hearts aglow
Marlowe!

EDWIN CARTY RANCK

(*Right*)

FLORENCE SHIRLEY

The fascinating little widow of "Apple Blossoms" at the Globe who captivates not only the men in the cast but the audience as well

(*Below*)

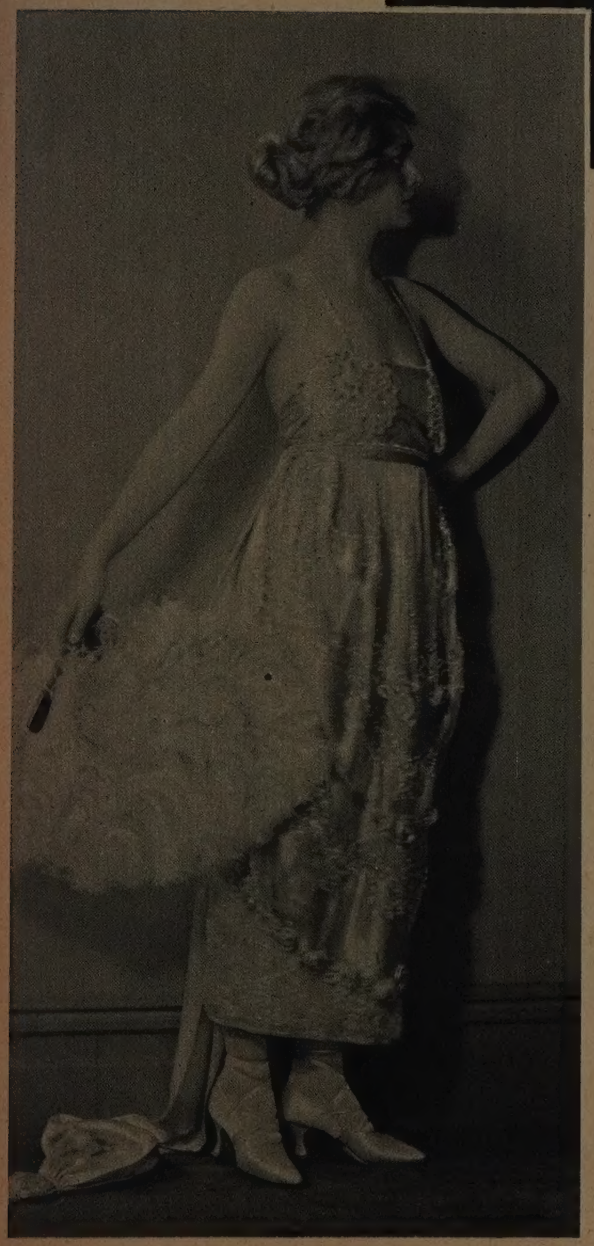
BELLE STORY

The prima donna of "Happy Days" at the Hippodrome whose singing is one of the delights of the big spectacle

(*Below*)

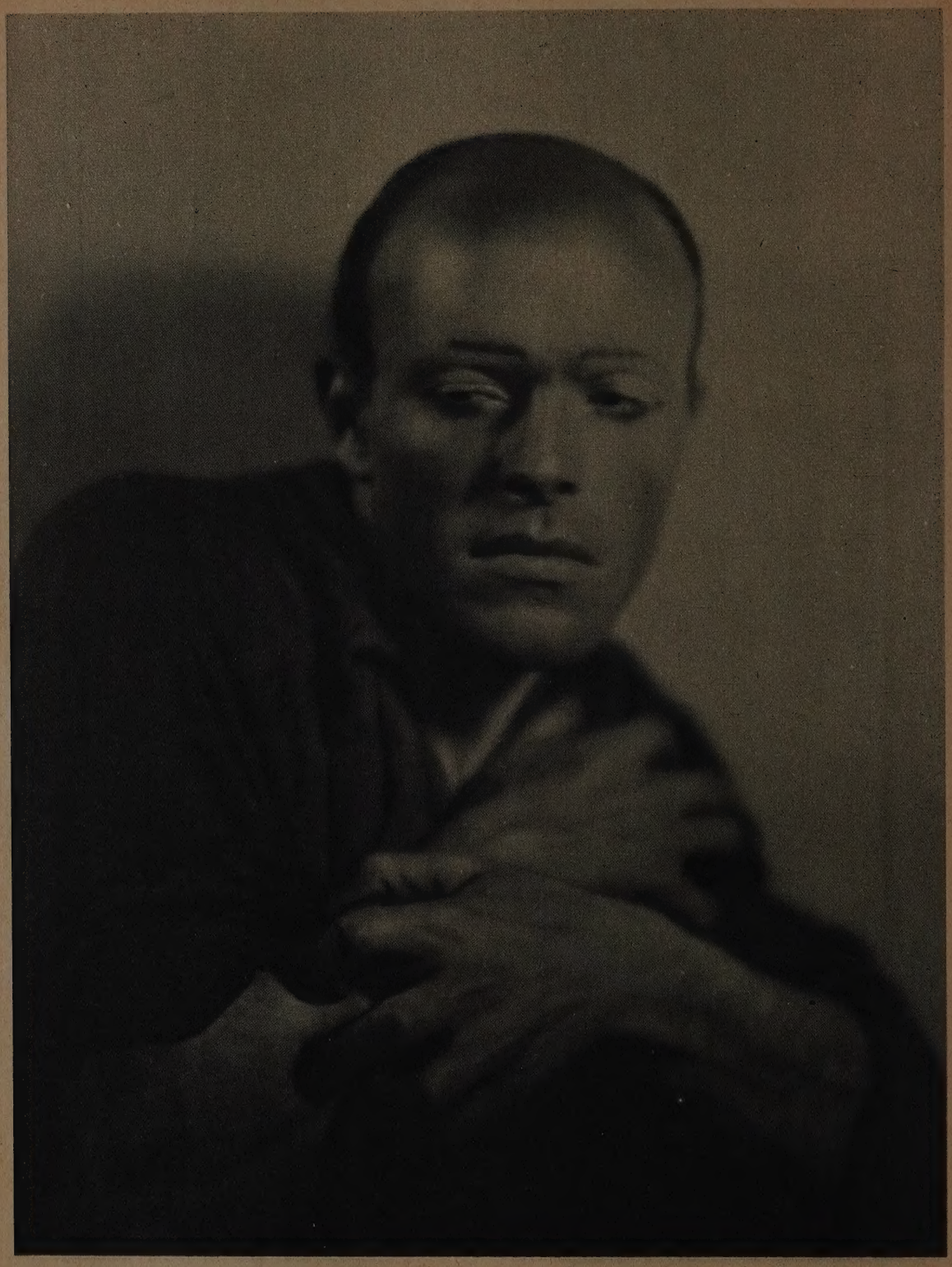
LUCILLE CHALFANT

Whose "big" voice is a great asset at the new Capitol Theatre which is giving moving pictures, music and a Ned Wayburn revue



Photos Abbe

CLEVER PLAYERS IN MUSICAL NOVELTIES



From a Photograph by Goldberg

MAURICE

As the Chinaman in the new Opium Dance he is doing at the Biltmore

From a Photograph by Goldberg

ALICE BRADY

Continuing to delight audiences by her interesting performance in "Forever After"

"You're just the girl for the part"

THE DUST OF THE ROAD

By ADA PATTERSON

Author of "By the Stage Door," etc.

ILLUSTRATION POSED BY MR. LOWELL SHERMAN AND MISS ALMA TELL

TOUCH up the left cheek a little more. Just a weeny bit higher. That's right. Now you're ready to go forth to conquer."

"O Mammy Lou! Do you think I've any chance on Broadway?"

Two women faced each other. One whose hair was the color of ashes, who stooped despite her efforts, who had walked somewhat stiffly and had dragged her feet a little when she climbed the three flights of stairs, looked appraisingly at the other.

The young woman opposite her bore the scrutiny with a smile, half shy, half anxious. Tall and straight, with a pine-like vigor overlaid with gracious curves that would have reminded Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., of what he rates as the universally attractive type, Raphael Kirchner's "Temptation," was Sydney Rowan. Her features were strong yet regular, her chin powerful yet piquant. Her hair, the color of a chestnut when the October sun shone highest on it, compassed her face in a glistening frame. Her color seemed to come and go, a tide that rose and fell, with every heartbeat. Yet vibrant and vital as she seemed, her face had that reflective quality as of a mirror which every true Thespian visage possesses. It flung back thought and emotion as a looking glass the sunlight and the form and features of the gazer. But her eyes made one forget all else. The comedian in "The Last Call" company had said her parents had ordered for her "extra size eyes." Robert Bentwell, who had joined the company in the spring, had called her "The Girl with the Eyes." They were unforgettable eyes, wide and deep and brown. Exuberant health, an active mind, and a warm heart lighted them to the degree of brilliancy of a highly polished jewel.

YES, girl," the old actress answered slowly, with a wee sigh that was stifled bravely at its birth. "You have the talent—"

"Of course they haven't seen me act. I've only been in town twice, at the combination houses. And New York managers don't take time to read the out of town notices."

"Still, you're a type. And the most unimaginative manager who ever counted box-office receipts knows a type when he sees it. You're young—"

"Isn't twenty-six a little old for Broadway?"

"No, dear. Not if you're slender. Anyway you've looks. Lots of 'em. And they count more on Broadway than anywhere else in the world. If Venus de Milo came to life she would get a job with the first musical manager she applied to."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou. But you've some misgivings. You're keeping something back. What is it?"

The stage veteran eyed the young actress critically.

"No, dear, no. Only—well, clothes mean so much on this highway."

The young girl looked at her in dismay. She gasped:

"But this suit cost seventy-five dollars. I have been saving for four months to get it, and another month for the bronze shoes and another for the hat with yellow breast feathers. Six months in all."

"Yes, dear. They're charming. I shouldn't expect you to wear peacock clothes. If you did they wouldn't be becoming. Bless you child, you're all right. You're all right."

"Thank you, Mammy Lou."

Sydney flung her arms about the old woman. "If I have luck we'll get you out of the Home. You'll be playing my mammy again in a first-class company instead of a third."

They threw their arms about each other. The older woman patted the slim, vibrating young figure, as one would soothe a race horse.

"I must go. The appointment was for eleven and it's half past ten. I must not keep His Majesty waiting. I am so glad you came to see me. Come often, Mammy. You're the only one I know in all this big East."

"Walk all the way. It will give you a fine color," adjured the woman who, because she was the character cook, members of the company in which she had played her last engagement still called "Mammy Lou."

She stood at the window of the little hall bedroom and pressed her face against the pane. It was a smiling face when Sydney looked upward. But an impalpable veil of sadness and weariness dropped upon it when the girl turned the corner. On the watching eyes which the years had dimmed and flattened, tears gathered.

"Dear God!" she murmured. "Guard and help her. Thou knowest how long the way is and—how hard!" She glanced about the little cell-like room and drew a square of embroidered silk from her edge-worn leather bag. She laid it on the high bureau from which the paint had been worn by long service. Carefully she placed it a little to the left to cover a spot which the fading paint had left bare.

SHE tore the back from an envelope and scratched a line. "Something old to wear on your first night. A little souvenir of India and her world tour from "Mammy Lou." She pinned it to the square of rich color. Then she made her way slowly downstairs. As we grow older we are more and more fearful of the stairs and Mammy Lou's rheumatism had hastened her steps to the Actors' Fund Home. The "El" train, the ferry and the surface car lay between her and the players' last shelter on a Staten Island hill. Superintendent and Mrs. Halfpenny were kind, but the guests must not be late at the luncheon table.

Swinging along with her rhythmic step, that was like a dance without music, from her Thirtieth Street theatrical lodgings to Forty-second Street, Sydney Rowan heard a faint, sweet voice.

"That you, Syd, and you were passing me without a word?"

"Jennie! You darling!" Sydney's speaking eyes glowed with heart warmth at sight of Jennie Wimrath. Jennie of the sapphire eyes set in the ivory oval of her face and the farther frame of her pale gold hair, Jennie of the pensive smile and the figure emerging from girlish lines into pouter pigeon effects.

"You look like an angel to homesick me. I thought you lived in Baltimore."

"I do, but I've brought mother over—" she stopped and choked back a lump that rose in her throat. "We live just around the corner. Come over to see her. She's such a love."

She tugged at Sydney Rowan's hand as an importunate child.

"What is the number? I'll come right around as soon as I've been to see a manager. Bye-bye. God love you!"

Forty-second Street looked as Forty-second Street always does at eleven in the morning. It was semi-deserted. Bits of paper and old envelopes lying dejectedly in the mud called for the offices of the functionary in a white duck suit that seemed to sneer at his job. Threateningly the cars clanged. Nervous women darted in front of them. Openly the motormen cursed. The Times Building rose tall and imposing.

Sydney swung into the high building on the south side. "L. B. Johnson's office," she said. The sullen elevator man struck the handle as though he were angry with it.

Sydney's boyish step took her at two paces into the square anteroom of the compact offices where players' fates were determined. The office boy, showing another of his guild how Dempsey put out Willard, down the hall, paid no attention to her. Through the open door from the waiting room she saw a trim young man in a blue suit. His face was pale and slightly effeminate. He sat scrutinizing a page in the typewriting machine. He granted Sydney a half portion smile in return for her irresistible one.

I HAD an engagement with Mr. Johnson for eleven."

"Your name?"

She gave it.

"I remember your correspondence with him. Mr. Johnson was called out to a managers' conference. He did not know how long he would be gone. He told me to ask you to come back at five."

"Certainly."

"I might say, Miss Rowan, that you're practically sure of the lead in 'Curfew Chimes.' I hear a lot of things while I'm taking dictation. There's only one other actress that has been considered. The stage manager wants her because he knows her work. He says he has directed her before. But Mr. Johnson is keen on you. He said his wife saw you play a part in the Excelsior Springs summer stock and you were a comer."

"Thank you." Phillips, the private secretary, sunned himself in Sydney's smile.

Some drops of her happiness spilled upon the pasty-faced elevator boy. He permitted a shade of amiability to cross his face. He watched her walk with her long, weightless stride the length of the hall and into the pale sunshine.

"She's one of them troopers, you bet." The elevator was resting for a moment across the aisle beside that run by his friend, Red Carter, so called because the charioteer of the upward going vehicle had thick and not well kept Titian hair. "Bet she'd get the gallery with her first line. She's friendly and, my God, what magnetism!"

JENNIE WIMRATH'S mother was thinking the same thought in different phrase as the girl bent over and held her bit of a white hand in her strong fingers.

"You're better than a doctor. You exude health and hope, my dear."

She was so little, so childlike, so pretty, that Sydney knew at once why Jennie eschewed the "Mother," forgot the "Mamma" and called her "Blossom." She turned a face, lovely with the loveliness of a fading pansy, up to her visitor. Jennie hovered behind the invalid's chair, nervously fingering the rong that supported the pillow. As Sydney turned her bright brown glance from daughter to mother she saw that the girl's sapphire eyes overran with tears.

"What a darling little home!" said Sydney.

"It's a little box of a flat. But it's always home where Jennie is. And we've been so much separated. If she can only get a New York engagement we will be so happy here. We have very good light for New York. See! The sunbeam falls upon you, my dear. It must be auspicious. You theatrical people are so superstitious. Look! There's another one from the other window. They form a cross over you. What sign is that, dear?" She reached her wee absurdity of a hand up and patted her daughter's.

Jennie shook her head. "I must be going. No, I can't stay any longer to-day, dear Mrs. Wimrath. But I will call often while I am in New York." Sydney stood looking down at her.

"I hope you will get a New York engagement too, my dear. New York is the actors' heaven and Broadway is its street of gold, they tell me. Rather irreverent, I think."

Sydney bent and kissed the brow that was smooth and child-like despite its silver curls. Jennie followed her into the hall. She closed the door carefully, saying: "It's draughty, dearest. Don't try to move while I'm out." She laid her head on Sydney's shoulder and sobbed.

"She can't live longer than six months, the doctors say. If I have to go back to the road and leave her alone she'll die sooner. If I don't get that engagement with Johnson in 'Curfew Chimes' I shall go mad."

"With L. B. Johnson?" Sydney's voice sounded thin, coming from between her nearly closed lips. "What part is it?"

"The lead. Roger Mackenzie, the stage manager, knows me. I was in a summer stock company he had at Annapolis. He is rooting for me. He has promised it to me if he can get Johnson to 'see me' in it."

Sydney's arms stiffened about Jennie's shoulders. Jennie dried her eyes and looked into the set face bending above her.

AREN'T you sorry for me, Syd?" Her voice held a child's plaintiveness. "You used to be so sympathetic. We were such good friends in 'The Web of Fate' two years ago."

"Sorry for you? Your friend? Jennie! Dear, little Jennie!"

Sydney turned abruptly and put out her hand as though feeling her way down the dim stairway. Her heels clicked. Jennie, listening, tried to coax a smile with which to face her mother. "Syd's old walk," she said. "It makes one strong just to hear it."

The heels clicked more faintly as Sydney Rowan's trim new bronze boots carried her again across the hall and into the square anteroom of the L. B. Johnson's offices at five minutes of five. It would have been impossible for Sydney to have arrived at five minutes past five. Because of the inevitable rise and fall of the curtain actors are the most punctual of folk in their relations to the stage door.

She had taken her place on the bench of waiting between a China doll person with hair of such golden tint as nature had never beheld and art only could produce, and who exuded alleged perfume that no flower that had ever bloomed on God's footstool would acknowledge, and an extraordinarily tall, thin young man with "dancer" stamped unmistakably upon him. A heavy step jarred the little room and "L. B.", a compactly-built man with round face and dark, all-inclusive eyes, catapulted through the anteroom, nodded to his effeminate-looking secretary and slammed the door of the office marked "private" after him. A buzzer sounded on the desk. The private secretary pulled at his lavender tie, tucked his stenographer's pad under his arm, and obeyed the summons. He returned, saying: "Mr. Johnson will see Miss Rowan."

Sydney swung past the door marked "Private." "L. B." measured her with his inclusive glance. The wide, brown glance, the tall, lithe figure, the graceful step that began with the flat, flexible hips, even the brown suit that had caused Mammy Lou to say to Millie Burgess in

the Home: "You can't get a gown with character for seventy-five dollars," seemed pleasing to him. He smiled, showing a mouth width of strong, but irregular teeth.

"Glad to get your application for the lead in 'Curfew Chimes,' Miss Rowan," he said. "I know something of your work. My wife spent last summer at Excelsior Springs. She said: 'You ought to have that girl, Lou.' I guess she's right."

"Thank you," murmured Sydney.

"What experience have you had?"

"Five years. I've been the lead in 'The Last Call' and 'The Web of Fate.' I was with James Nilson's repertoire company. And I have had three stock seasons at Excelsior Springs."

"Paul Gordon, the director at the Springs, is a man who knows his business. You've had good schooling. What salary would you expect in New York?"

"A living one, Mr. Johnson."

"I suppose we won't quarrel about that. This part will be a great opportunity for you. She's a girl who—"

Sydney looked past the manager, down from the twentieth story building to Forty-second Street. It looked very different at five than at eleven. The muddy streets had been dredged for the scraps of dejected paper. Busy men and women with interested faces were hurrying along the street to the diagonal one that crossed it, that bias street that was, as Mrs. Wimrath had said, "the street of gold," to the actor.

She started as she became aware that the manger was asking her a question.

I TAKE it for granted you will be able to begin rehearsals Wednesday week. Rehearsals never come too soon for an ambitious actor." He pressed the buzzer.

"You will be surrounded by some very good people. Wilton Mackay will play your father. He's the best player of grim character parts in the business. Lola Bicknell is the ingenue."

Sydney's brilliant brown eyes were veiled. She looked down at the brown gloves that encased her crossed hands, saw with apprehension that already they showed faintly white at the seams.

"Her face can be made to look very sad at times. It's a valuable mask. I'll bet her middle name's Versatility." L. B. Johnson was addressing himself. Were vision of spiritual acts visible Sydney would have seen him patting himself on the back. Were self-congratulatory speeches audible she would have heard him say: "I've a find."

The young man having pulled his lavender tie once more, and detached himself from his high chair before the typewriting machine, appeared with his pad under his arm.

"Make out a contract for Miss Rowan to play leads in the 'Curfew Chimes' company. Date it to-day. Salary $200 a week."

L. B. Johnson's secretary was leaving the room to do his master's bidding. He turned, looked back and turned three shades paler than his accustomed midnight cultivated pallor. Sydney Rowan had put forth a staying hand. The brown glove trembled as an autumn leaf quivers in a storm.

"No, Mr. Johnson." Her voice was a whisper.

Johnson's glance ceased to be inclusive. His eyes interrogated hers.

"What did you say?"

"I—have decided—not to take the part."

"Am I losing my hearing, or my reason? Girl alive! Do you know this may be the chance of your lifetime?"

Sydney nodded. She hid her wide eyes behind their blue veined lids. Tears are sometimes shed in an office but Sydney believed they were incongruous in the company of roller top desks and office chairs.

"You wrote me asking for the part."

"Yes, Mr. Johnson." To the pale stenographer and the flushed manager Sydney seemed as a traveller who was making her way along a hard road in the dark against a high wind. "But—something—has happened since then. I have changed—my mind."

"Hm! Changed your mind. When you came into this room I thought: 'There's a woman as strong and decisive as a man.' But you're only a woman after all. And a woman who doesn't know how to steer her course straight."

SYDNEY rose: "I'm sorry, Mr. Johnson," she faltered.

Johnson grunted and pressed the buzzer. "Show Mackay in and get his contract ready. He knows his own mind.'"

Sydney stopped when she reached the door. Her hand fumbled at the knob.

She looked at the manager. He stared at her. Words lost themselves formlessly in her throat. Johnson nodded curtly and she passed out. A broad-shouldered man jostled her in passing, forgot to make apologies.

"Wilton Mackay," she muttered to herself between stiffened lips, repeating "He knows his own mind."

Curiously the secretary looked at her. Sympathy succeeded curiosity. His nature was near enough to womanliness to hold a dim comprehension of its varagies.

'Maybe you're sick, Miss Rowan," he suggested. "Better go home and take a bromide. I'll tell the boss you had a turn and will be back late to-morrow."

The bell on his desk rang sharply and he and his writing pad vanished.

The next morning Sydney, white-faced and dull-eyed, from all night staring into the unanswering darkness, turned to the dramatic notes of the *Times* while she drank her coffee. The first of the paragraphs, in fine print but significant, was "Miss Jennie Wimrath was engaged yesterday for the leading rôle in L. B. Johnson's forthcoming production 'Curfew Chimes'."

At luncheon at the Lambs "L. B." nodded with condescension of the metropolitan potentate to Jim Eastwood, the manager of road companies.

"Saw your late leading woman yesterday," he said guardedly. "She told me she was going back with you for another season."

"Sydney Rowan? She told me last week that she was going to get a Broadway engagement if it took her all summer."

Johnson sniffed. "When a woman's mind turns a somersault it's generally some man interest that causes it. Stuck on any man in the 'Web' company?"

NO—" Jim Eastwood paused for consideration. "She and Robert Bentwell seemed a little friendly. But he was only in the company the last four weeks. I never saw him carry her bag. It never got beyond the just noticing stage."

"Robert Bentwell?" Johnson looked up. "That's the fellow that was in to see me this morning. Like his work?"

"He's one of the best leading men in the business."

The next morning Sydney, whiter of face and duller of eye from another night of staring into the darkness, read: "Robert Bentwell has been added to the 'Curfew Chimes' company, completing the cast for that promising production."

For two months Sydney Rowan trod the worn paths to the manager's offices and to the humming hive of the agencies. She grew wan and listless. Her jewel-like eyes became dull as dusty diamonds. Her brown suit was losing its freshness, her shining hair its luster.

"No," said John Graham to Bijou Fernandez. "The girl won't do for the part. She hasn't enough pep. She's too old."

Two months after her arrival in New York she met Jim Eastwood. Heretofore he had passed her with a cheery nod or "Anything doing yet, Miss Rowan?" To-day he stopped squarely in front of her.

"Looking seedy. Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Still holding the lead in 'The Web of Fate' open for you. But we'll have to begin rehearsals on the eighth and start on the road the week after."

"I'll go. Thank you, Mr. Eastwood."

She went next day to see Mrs. Wimrath. The sick woman's faded pansy loveliness had been freshened by the news in Jennie's letter.

"The tryout is very encouraging," she said. "The notices are splendid. They expect to run for a year in New York. They will open at the Stuyvesant week after next. Do you think I might manage to go on the first night with you?"

"I am so sorry, dear, but I can't."

"Why, Sydney?"

"Because I am going on tour again with 'The Web of Fate.' We start on Sunday."

"O my dear! I am so sorry!"

"Sorry for what?"

THAT you are leaving for one thing. You've run in so often and kept me company and cheered me while Jennie was rehearsing. And—"

"Go on, dear Mrs. Wimrath."

"I did so want you to get an engagement in New York."

"So did I."

"Did you really? Jennie thought perhaps you didn't care, that you might not be ambitious. She says one can make more money on the road."

Sydney bent her dark head over Mrs. Wimrath's tiny hands that were so like withered flowers. A sound sought its way out of the prison of her throat but lost it.

Mrs. Wimrath bent her head.

"Are you laughing, Sydney?"

The dark head resting on her little hands moved slowly from one side to the other.

"No, Blossom," Sydney choked. "No. I was wishing I had a mother."

They remained thus, silent, until the twilight enfolded the small silver crowned figure, and the dark head and slender form at its feet.

Then Sydney rose and smoothed back her hair and put on her hat and gloves. She enwrapped both figure and chair in her arms.

'Goodbye, Blossom," she said thickly. "I hope you and Jennie will have a happy winter together."

The intense cold of a long winter was giving way in Minnesota to the softer moods of April when Sydney read in *The Weekly Reflector*: "Mrs. Sue Wimrath, mother of Miss Jennie Wimrath, the popular leading woman of the 'Curfew Chimes' Company died on Sunday night. Her death occurred at the apartment she shared with her devoted daughter at Central Park West, after a lingering and incurable illness. Everything had been done that was humanly possible to prolong her life."

"Everything was done that was humanly possible," repeated Sydney looking out at the last melting snow patches on the flat lands

"What did you say?" (*Continued in back*)

Apeda

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND CLAUDE KING

In Zoe Akins' new play "Declassee" at the Empire

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Left)

MARJORIE HAST

This charming young daughter of Walter Hast, the theatrical producer, has been appearing in Cosmo Hamilton's comedy "Scandal"

(Right)

RENEE ADOREE

Who was seen earlier in the season in the musical piece "Oh, what a Girl" and is now playing a role in "The Dancer," a new comedy-drama

PRETTY GIRLS IN CURRENT PLAYS

MORNING

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

IF I WERE GATTI

Day dream of an ardent opera fan, unsophisticated in the ways of capricious prima donnas and unskilled in the art of making grand opera pay

By DENISON FISH

IF I were Gatti, that is, the ideal Gatti of the imagination—Czar Absolute of the greatest opera house in the world—unhampered by financial considerations or temperamental singers, what sport I would have at the Metropolitan! I would do a thing for the cause of opera in the vernacular which has never been tried there before. I would make the Metropolitan famous as a cradle of French opera. I would have a very definite policy toward German opera, which would give offense neither to art nor patriotism. Finally, but not least, I would inaugurate a wider spread and further reaching scheme to encourage the creation of new masterpieces, including American ones.

The war has probably brought to our attention more clearly than ever before that, in Italy, opera is sung in Italian; in France, in French. In Germany, the vernacular only is used as far as possible in spite of the fact that with one hundred and ten opera houses, the Germans more than any other opera consumers were forced to depend upon artists of other nations to fill casts. England is now beginning to take her opera this way. Americans will never be true opera lovers until their opera becomes a thing of every day, in the tongue of every day. Of course, there will always be a few more highly educated individuals who can enjoy an opera more in the original and appreciate the superiority of the original libretto to any translation, but the proportion of these cognoscenti among opera-goers here is very small, and their happiness will have to be sacrificed eventually for the benefit of the majority.

WITH these considerations in view, I would carefully prepare a translation and production of just one of the most popular standard operas with the starriest of star casts—"Aida," "Carmen," or "Butterfly." Operas with less hold on the public or old-fashioned operas, such as "Oberon," will not do for this experiment. The production would take place early in the season and would exclude a production of the same work in the original, *i. e.*, if "Carmen" were chosen (and "Carmen" would be one of the very best for such a plan) there would be no French production in the same season. I believe that the greatest artists in the company would co-operate with such a scheme if it were seriously launched. There are, no doubt, many members of the Metropolitan Company who would find it almost beyond their powers to sing a rôle in English, but at least one good cast for one opera could be arranged, and each year a new opera in English would be added to the repertoire.

The three Russian operas which have already been given with such success would, of course, be retained in the repertoire. To these I would add two other Russian operas, one modern, one classic. For the former Stravinsky's "The Nightingale," if possible, or Rimsky-Korsakoff's "The Snow Maiden"; for the latter, Glinka's "Russlan and Liudmilla" or Dargomijsky's "Roussalka."

The enlargement and improvement of the French repertoire would be my main consideration, and as a repertoire depends on singers, my first act would be to get at least three real French stars—a soprano, a tenor and a baritone. If it were possible to borrow Garden and Muratore from the Chicago Company I would do so. Failing in this, I would send to Paris for one or two singers from the Grand Opera or the Comique. By some hook or crook I would add to the present repertoire "Pelléas," "Werther" (practically unknown in this country, in spite of its few performances in New York and Boston and second to none of Massenet's works), and "Romeo and Juliette."

IN spite of its comparatively cool reception, which must be blamed partly on the critics, partly on the musical idiom, "Marouf" would be retained in the repertoire as a great masterpiece which will eventually achieve popularity. The thoroughly delightful "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," by Paul Dukas, produced several years ago at the end of the season—a splendid vehicle for Farrar and a rôle in which Mary Garden would be most interesting—would be revived. For the children to take the place of the truly missed "Hansel and Gretel" there would be a freely cut and shortened production of Aubert's "Foret Bleu." "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame" would be given, also "Les Contes d'Hoffman," and for a less modern French work Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys"—comparatively unknown to Americans.

In German Opera little indeed could be done, but an earnest effort would be made to give at least one Wagner opera in English, possibly "Tristan," with Fremstadt, Maclennan and Whitehill; "Parsifal" with the same cast, or "Tannhauser" with the same cast and Farrar. Matzenauer and Homer would also both be more capable of singing Wagner in English.

My first act in the Italian repertoire would be an "Otello," with Caruso, Scotti and Alda. I did not get the idea from Mr. Campanini, however, and have been hoping for such a performance for years.

WHEN M. Caruso came to the Metropolitan, "Otello" would have been beyond his powers, but now he is a different Caruso, and his "Otello" would surely have much of interest. Without wishing to speak slightingly of Lucian Muratore, whose Romeo and Des Grieux I consider without parallel on the operatic stage today Caruso would have the advantage of singing in his own language in "Otello" and with Scotti, whose Iago ranks with his Scarpia, the Metropolitan would be able to score one on the Chicago Company here. Because I truly love "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" I would load the scenery, costumes and scores of these operas on a scow and set them on fire in the North River, decreeing at least a five years' term of banishment. Even if I were Gatti there would be no season without the customary Puccini and Verdi performances, to which I would add a revival of the "Girl of the Golden West" with Farrar—just for fun; "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Martinelli, "Forza del Destino," "Falstaff" and Mascagni's "Iris." Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini"—a most wonderfully beautiful and not yet thoroughly appreciated work would surely be retained, and for novelties there would be Puccini's "La Rondine" and Montemezzi's "La Nave," just announced from Italy, to keep company with the beautiful "L'Amore dei Tre Re."

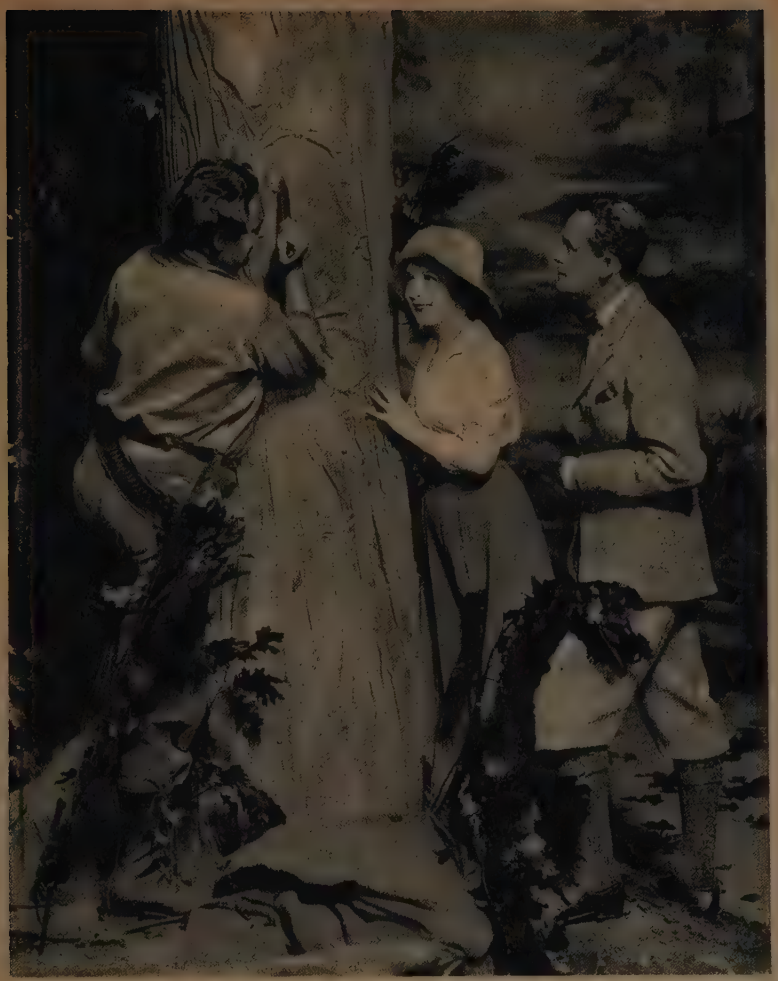
I would "pull a great coup" on the newspaper world by creating a new office in the Opera House—that of Official Critic of the Opera, and by establishing an operatic weekly magazine, where said Critic could hold forth, and always have the last word. The incumbent of this position would not be chosen for his ability to play on words or to have fun at the expense of others. His name would not be made public, nor would the artists know him. He would be chosen because of his great affection for opera and opera singers, rather than great knowledge or technical understanding of anything except possibly voice and artistic temperament. His job would be to read all the criticisms of the Metropolitan performances, and not merely paste them in a book for the artists to write "liar" on, but to write a better one, himself, to be published at the end of the week in the Metropolitan weekly, of which for economy's sake he might be editor-in-chief (provided his identity could be kept secret),

BY a better criticism, I mean not only a more serious and more accurate one, but a positive, constructive, helpful criticism, never finding fault with an artist without offering a positive, definite suggestion for curing the fault.

But my joy and pride as impresario absolute would be the order department which I would establish. Of course I would institute regular yearly prize opera competitions, and besides these I would commission certain composers to write works, often on definite libretti or in conjunction with definite librettists on definite subjects. Stravinsky would be immediately commissioned to write a work on the subject of his own choosing for 1919-1920. I would commission Montemezzi and D'Annunzio to collaborate on a subject of their own choice. "The Merchant of Venice" would be commended to Zandonai for operatic treatment, for he has hinted in "Francesca" what he could do with it. M. Enrico Bossi, who composed the oratorio "Joan of Arc," sung by the Oratorio Society, would be commissioned to write an opera.

In France a strong effort would be made to scare up an opera on the subject of Joan of Arc. Maeterlinck would be commissioned to make libretti, and Dukas, Rabaud, perhaps St. Saens, Pierne, Roger-Ducasse, to work on scores. I would commission Rabaud to make an opera of Rostand's "Chantecler," Pierne to write music for Maeterlinck's "L'Oiseau Bleu" and Paul Dukas to set Rostand's "La Samaritaine."

In England I would commission Elgar to write an opera, perhaps two or three, until he



(Right)
Edward Arnold, Helen MacKellar and Robert Rendel in "The Storm" a thrilling melodrama at the 48th Street Theatre

Photos White

Robert Hudson, Minna Gombel, Laura Hope Crews and Cyril Scott in "On the Hiring Line" a comedy by Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford at the Criterion

got thoroughly in the spirit of it. I would start him off with "Macbeth" or the morality play "Everyman."

Everything possible would be done to stimulate the American opera composers now extant, and to discover new ones. First of all, they would be encouraged (especially those hitherto unheard) to compose to French and Italian libretti under foreign pseudonyms, and everything would be done to help them secure premières for their works at La Scala and the Comique in Paris. Horatio Parker would be commissioned to write an operatic version of Josephine Preston Peabody's "Wolf of Gubbio." Parker or someone else would be found to make an opera of the same author's "The Piper." Miss Peabody would be requested to write other lyric dramas with a musical setting particularly in view. A "Prunella" by Victor Herbert would be called for, and an order for an operatic version of Percy MacKaye's "A Thousand Years Ago" and "Joan of Arc" would be placed. For an operatic version of the "Rose of the Rancho" it might be best to go to Puccini, as the play seems to suggest his treatment, but an opera on this play would surely be ordered and possibly one on the "Virginian."

Time fails me to tell of all I would do with the minor details, how I would revive the Spanish "Goyescas" by Granados, how I would provide every novelty and revival with a duplicate cast in the leading rôles and use them, how I would carry out Mr. Damrosch's suggestion, of years ago, of occasional semi-religious concert performances of heavy operas with elaborate orchestration in the nearest approach to darkness which the theatre laws will permit; of all the many experiments I would make in casting and recasting certain operas and through my order department of having certain composers write scores for certain artists, sometimes on subjects of the artist's own choosing; of how each new opera as "Marouf" and "Coq d'Or" were last year, would be preceded by a de luxe book containing the story, text, life of the composer, principal themes, etc., and by the making of at least three or four phonograph records of the most telling pages of each novelty; of what I would to do enliven the ballet by putting in more of the modern Russian ballets, etc., etc., for there would be no end to the schemes and plans which I would adopt to keep New York the foremost city in the opera world *si, hélas! j'etais Gatti.*

In the above article Mr. Denison Fish deals with the shortcomings of grand opera in this city. Next month the same author will have something piquant to say about the shortcomings of New York's music critics

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN" A LONDON SENSATION

HAMMERSMITH is a district of London not ordinarily patronized by the American visitor, though Hogarth's house is there and it is but a little way from Chiswick Mall where Becky Sharp went to school; but this past summer it has been a regular Mecca for Americans in London, and the casual passer-by on Hammersmith Broadway, from casual snatches of conversation overheard as he went, might have imagined himself on its great namesake in New York. The goal of this pilgrimage has been the little Lyric theatre: the object Nigel Playfair's production, with the Birmingham Repertory Company, of John Drinkwater's drama "Abraham Lincoln."

The Lyric of old used to be the home of melodramas of the "Bad Girl of the Family" school, but recently a company headed by Mr. Arnold Bennett has taken it with a view to producing plays of merit unsuited to the commercialized theatres of the West End. In this case, however, Art has paid its way, as perhaps it often would if managers would have more faith. A repertory season had been intended, but "Abraham Lincoln" has drawn such houses that it has now run for over 250 performances. London lovers of good drama have been assisted by Americans to keep it going, till now it has become the talk of town, and even Society (with a capital letter) deigns to make a nightly trek to this outpost of darkest suburbia to see the new sensation.

Mr. Drinkwater has for some time been known for his delicate poems of English country life, but this is his first bid for fame as a dramatist. "Abraham Lincoln" is a prose work, though between each scene there is a short poetic interlude spoken by "the Chronicler." The language is full of beauty such as might be expected from the author, without becoming over-poetic and unnatural; and though the chief merit of the play lies in this and the convincing portrayal of the characters of the principals, the dramatic construction is good and the interest always sustained. From a life so rich in material for great literature it must be difficult to select the few episodes which fit the compass of a stage play, but Mr. Drinkwater has chosen and rejected with nice discrimination. There are six scenes: the first at Springfield, when the Republican deputation comes to offer Lincoln the nomination for the presidency; the second in Seward's room on the tragic day when the fatal news came from Fort Sumter; the third at the White House in the second year of the war, where in conversation with two lady callers the President declares his views on war—a consummate piece of characterization; the fourth is in the Cabinet room just before the publication of the Abolition decree; the fifth at Grant's headquarters during the closing hours at Appomattox; and the final scene in the lounge of the theatre on the night of the assassination.

© *Underwood and Underwood*

John Drinkwater, the English poet-dramatist, who has come to America to superintend the forthcoming production here of his play "Abraham Lincoln." Mrs. Drinkwater, seen above, accompanies him

Mr. Drinkwater takes some liberties with history, but one feels that his presentation of Lincoln's character, and also of Seward's and Grant's and Mrs. Lincoln's, among the smaller parts, is essentially true. The study is developed in colors of the strongest admiration: but while full emphasis is laid upon its inherent dignity and virtue, the figure has been kept human and distinct from the hero type of the tract and moral story. The President, of course, holds the center of the stage almost uninterruptedly; but fortunately this production is free from the blight of the actor-manager or star player who overshadows not only all the other parts but even the play itself. Mr. W. J. Rea plays Lincoln; it is hard to characterize the President's awkward simplicity without caricaturing it, but apart from an occasional slight suggestion of posing, the reading of the part brings out the actual man in a satisfying and convincing manner. One feels the vital humanity of the President, his rugged gentleness, and his almost unique combination of the instincts of statesmanship with uncompromising principles.

The play is obviously intended not merely as an essay in historical drama, but with a moral for the present time; and as such it has been a rather daring thing during the past months to preach admiration for the enemy and reconciliation with the conquered as it has come from Lincoln's mouth. But Mr. Drinkwater is no pacifist or subscriber to the "Pity the poor Germans" school of thought. If he emphasizes the quality of mercy he does it because the enemy in this case were honorable opponents, and the contrast with our own war is purposely pointed. The noble portrayal of the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomattox, as well as the President's reiterated references to the character of the Confederates' leaders, demonstrates the author's intention. The Civil War was a war of gentlemen with gentlemen; the European war was a war of gentlemen with brutes; and the mercy which was enlightenment in the settlement of the one would have been folly and the betrayal of a great trust in the case of the other.

Altogether it is a notable production, not only as a worthy tribute to a great American character, but as a moving drama in its own merits. It does great honor to all concerned in the writing and staging of it, and it is to be hoped that New York may see this play produced in as satisfactory a manner as that in which Mr. Playfair has given it to London.

H. W. Yoxall.

tos Goldberg

NINA TARASOVA

The Russian Yvette Guilbert who has been delighting audiences with her native folk songs

EDMUND MAKALIF

A ballet dancer who is lending his talents to the "Greenwich Village Follies"

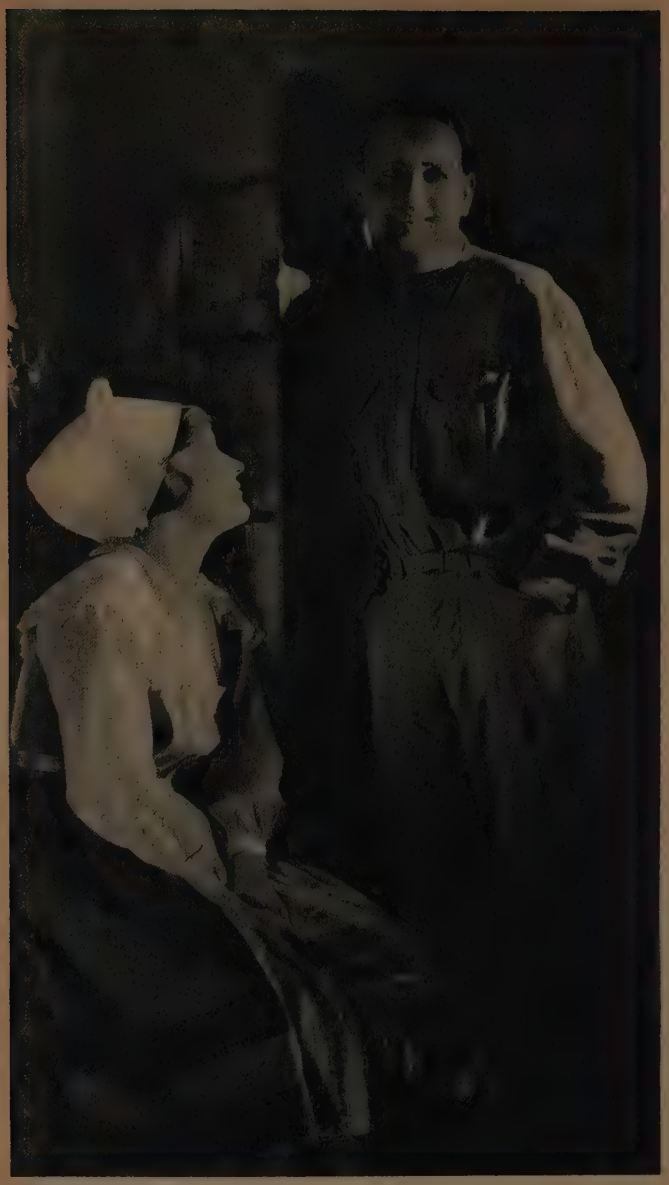
DESIREE LUBOVSKA

This popular dancer is offering a new series of dances with her customary skill at the Palais Royal

ADA FORMAN

Whose Javanese dance is one of the features of the "Greenwich Village Follies" at the Nora Bayes Theatre

DANCERS OF ALL TYPES AND ALL COUNTRIES



Photos Abbe

(Left)
Peggy Wood and Donald Brian prove wholly delightful in the new musical success "Buddies"

(Right)
John Charles Thomas and Wilda Bennett in the leading roles of the new Fritz Kreisler operetta "Apple Blossoms" at the Globe

COMEDIES WITH GOOD MUSIC PLEASE BROADWAY

Photo Dickham

Scene in Frank McEntee's recent production of "As You Like It" at the Open Air Theatre of the Building of Arts at Bar Harbour, Maine. P. J. Kelly as William, Mr. McEntee as Touchstone, and Helena Morrill as Audrey.

LEO MIELZINER, JR.

Who for several years was director, author, and leading man for the Impromptu Players is now playing Jim Everett in "At 9.45"

Photo Benjamin Grey

MARIE BLAIR

As Wild Cherry in the Theatre Guild's production of John Masefield's play of Japan, "The Faithful"

WHEN THEATRE AUDIENCES STRUCK

English playgoers organized to fight excessive prices of London managers

By ROBERT A. SIMON

IN the recent theatrical unpleasantness almost every factor in the business organized and declared itself. Every factor save the greatest—the audience. Possibly the theatregoers, too, might have formed a union if the strike had been prolonged for a few more months. We might have had a Playgoers' Protective Association, with leaders and committees to confer with their opponents. Those who were compelled to sit through some of the strike-season offerings might even have considered themselves entitled to an affiliation with organized labor. At any rate, if the audiences had banded together in common cause they would have had behind them at least one precedent. For exactly one hundred and ten years ago the London playgoers organized to combat the management of Govent Garden, then the leading theatre of the city.

The family Kemble, which combined acting with management, controlled Covent Garden, a huge structure which had just been erected at a cost of 150,000 pounds sterling—a staggering sum for that day. In order to put the new house on a paying basis the management announced a rise in the prices of admission. Boxes were to cost seven shillings a seat in place of the customary six; places in the pit were to be four shillings, as against the former "three and six"; and the third tier of the house was to be converted into private boxes drawing an annual rental of 300 pounds.

IN our day of $3.50 plus war-tax plus agency premium Follies, these rates may not seem to be exorbitant. But the Londoners of 1809 had very definite views on stage economics, and when the house opened on September 18 with Charles Kemble in "Macbeth" the crowd made these views known in no pacific manner. From the rise of the curtain the audience amused itself with community singing, which rendered inaudible the traffic on the stage. And when the stock of songs ran low there was organized shouting, in which the nobility in the boxes joined most democratically.

Rather than boycott Covent Garden the theatregoers decided to show the Kembles where they stood, and for about seventy nights the "O. P." (Old Price) riots continued. Before the end of the first week gentlefolk came to the theatre with placards, which were hung outside their boxes. Every new sign was greeted uproariously by the assembly. Particularly popular was the legend that "Britons who have humbled a prince would not be conquered by a manager." The Actors' Equity Association used several direct descendants of this slogan with no small effect in the recent uprising.

THE mangement decided to reconcile its public by putting on an all-star attraction in the shape of Catalini, the celebrated Italian tragedienne. The foreign actress' appearance was a signal for whistling and cat-calls—"evidently suggested by her name," remarks a contemporary—and at the end of six days her engage ment was terminated. At this point the managers attempted to bring about an arbitration, but the public declined to accept the judge's verdict, which was merely a statement to the effect that the managers would receive fewer profits if the rates were reduced.

Hostilities were resumed on October 4, when the Kembles offered a revival of "The Beggar's Opera"—the "Oh, Boy!" of its time. Forewarned by previous bellicose manifestations from the audience, the management thoughtfully filled the great auditorium with a little group of serious pugilists, headed by Mendoza, heavyweight champion and also inventor of the boxing-glove.

MENDOZA'S disciples, wearied by the behavior of the audience, or possibly by the performance, decided on a little work-out with impromptu sparring partners from the audience, and were defeated by the superior numbers of their less scientific opponents. On the nights following, the audiences held fitting festivities in the theatre to celebrate their victories.

Although the performances served chiefly as an excitant to vocal outbursts, the theatregoers took advantage of every turn in the action of the plays to indicate their attitude. When Charles Kemble, as "Richard" in "Richard III," stumbled and developed a nose-bleed, there was heartfelt applause. And when the same actor was supposed to die in tragedy, the crowd cheered gaily for the rest of the evening.

On the fiftieth day of the riots the audience held a manner of anniversary in the theatre. Ladies and gentlemen attended wearing gaudy badges which blazed "O. P." The gallants whose hats had been demolished in set-tos with Kemble adherents, appeared with handkerchiefs and towels by way of headgear, and each improvised cranial wound stripe received an

After sixty-seven nights of warfare, the management finally was persuaded to change its tactics. Charles Kemble appeared before the audience to inform them that the pit prices would be cut to the erstwhile scale, although half-prices—the popular matinee rates—would remain at the advanced figures. Some of the new boxes were removed to make room for a tier of cheaper seats, and the playgoers signified their approval the next evening with a placard reading, "We Are Satisfied." And of course both sides claimed a complete victory.

POSSIBLY there's a moral in all of this for those who are told by the box-office that the only available seats are in the eighteenth row eight weeks in advance.

The Producer's Prayer

O MAMMON! Joyfully do we lift our voices in thy praise!

HELP us that our thoughts stray not from the box office, the shrine we have erected in thy name. Help us lest we be tempted to produce something in which thou art not the only consideration. Thou knowest, O Mammon! that be those who would desert thee and look to other things than thy worship, let thy hand fall heavily upon these, O Mammon!

SO guide us, that not one of us, nay even the least of us, be tempted to forget thee and worship at the altar of the false goddess Art, whom the scribes say should come before thee.

KEEP us faithful to thy symbol, the almighty dollar, and give us more and more of the shiny gold that these artists pretend to scorn. Let none of this blessing fall into the hands of these infidels that they may set up altars against thee, for woe and darkness would be upon us, thy faithful servants.

IT is by thy bounty, O Mammon! that these fanatics drive us not from the temples sacred unto thee. Their voices are ever lifted against us. They say of us, thy servants! that we are fat of the belly, also of the head. And, O Mammon! when we bid these artists take their wares and begone from our presence, they depart saying "Pearls before swine."

TRULY, O Mammon! the way of the producer is like unto a stony path, and his detractors are as the sands of the sea!

GIVE us courage, O Mammon! that we may scorn these actors as they scorn us, deliver us from authors and let thy wrath fall upon all critics, that they may be blasted from our sight forever!

JACKSON SMITH

John Cumberland Doris Kenyon Charles Ruggles Zelda Sears

"THE GIRL IN THE LIMOUSINE" HAS THE USUAL LINGERIE, BEDS AND COMPLICATIONS

Barney Bernard

SCENE IN "HIS HONOR, ABE POTASH" A COMEDY HIT AT THE BIJOU

ABE POTASH AND BEDROOM FARCES STILL WITH US

From a Portrait by Abbe

ESTELLE WINWOOD

This charming young English player is the wife with "Too Many Husbands" in the play by Somerset Maugham which is running along merrily at the Booth.

From a Portrait by Abbe

HELEN HAYES

As Cora in "Clarence" this phenomenally successful young actress has duplicated her triumph in "Dear Brutus" and proved her extraordinary ability in portraying young women in their teens.

ACTORS A LA CARTE

Henry McNutt Goes to Dramatic School

By LESLIE CURTIS

new york, aug. twenty-ate.

deer editer theayter Magazeen:—

if youda new i was coming to new york, you wood never have took yure vacashun, wood you? mister Coyne sed we wood be in new york all winter on bizness, sew i went up to yure ofis and the ofis boy was very rood to me. at furst he sed you was owt, but i felt very tenasity, sew i set and waited until evrybudy had went but the ofis boy. then he sed, "mister Hornblower is vacating this week with his family at Lenucks, mass." i ses, "why didunt you say sew furst?" and he lookt kinda sheapish and replide with stolidaty "well, i thawt you was a colecter or sumthing. mister Hornblower was expecting a convick frend to show up who just got owt."

"What was his crime?" i asked and he says, "no crime. he kild a booking ajunt." Then he began sweaping all arownd under my chare and the dust got in my youstashun toob and i choaked and choaked and finly i went owt. i don't think he liked to have me thare.

now, what i wanted to see you abowt was a drumatic skool. mister Coyne ses it ain't no use for me to waist my time taking stage ladies owt to meels becawse they eet too much expensive stuff when sumbudy else is paying for it and besigheds, they don't do nuthin to help me get on the stage. he ses he herd of a drumatic skool which cood make a acter outen a fish and he come home and ses, "Hen, thats the place for you."

well, i went up to Karnaygee hall, which is not a hall at all, but a whole convenshun of halls and stoodios up on 57th street and i was took up to the forteenth floar by a fresh elivater pylut which ses faseeshusly, "they don't need no stage hands up thare." "who sed they did?" i returnd and he seen i was on my dignutty sew he relapst into silents. when i got out he pointed to a dore marked "Presidunt," and i wawked rite in. A turble site met my ize!

thare was a butiful lady down on her nees crying, "take me but spare my child" and weaping sumthing offal, but the man which was setting by the desk was cōald and unsimpathetic. i thawt maybe it was a famly seen, sew i kep quiet until the man cald her to him and gave her sum kind of a dokkamunt and she went owt. he sed sumthing abowt "atmusfear," but as he probly refûrd to the unconjenitul atmusfear of thare home life, i held my piece and tride not to lissen.

but soon he lookt up and i saw he was smiling sew i ses, "how long befoar dave Blasco cood use me for his leeding joovenile?" the man smiled agen and he ses, "you want to take the coarse hear? if sew, why?" well, i was non-complussed for a minit and then i toald him that my sister Lizzie thawt my talunts was waisted as a varlot de chamber for a commun milyunaire like seemore Coyne and she sed the o'Brine bruthers, Yugene and Donuld had nuthin on me for looks and talunt, sew i thawt i wood drop in and sine up a contrack rite away.

now, mister Hornblower, rite hear is whare you come in with advice and finants. this man is the hole thing hear at the drumatic skool and i think he is just back from the war or sumthing, (becaws evrybudy calls him Sarjunt). but enyway, he has a grate hed for bizness becawse he sed it wood take at leest too yeers to make a acter outen me, if eny, and when i sed i cood pay a doller down and a doller a week he sed "no" with sutch finalty that i new he ment it. he wants a hundred dollers now and the rest immedyutly, altho when i toald him i was a riter for you he chuckald and sed, "i always new Hornblower had a sents of yoomer." then he sed if you wood garantee the tooishun he wood do what he cood. "but it will be sum job, Henry," he sed.

i told him you was at Lenucks and he advised me to go to skool a weak, becawse maybe i wood hnd the coarse too hard woodunt want to be a acter. he made me reed a lot of poitry and i new he was pleezed becawse he sed "yure voice is very monotinus and has no range." i sed i was glad of that and then he cald a man and ses to him, "this is our new problum, Henry McNutt, a prodigy of mister Hornblower. take him and teech him to wawk, set, and if possibal, try to develup sum fashul expresshun." he had saw rite away that i was a jeanyus.

now, deer editer, i have bin hear too weaks and i don't see no use in staying too yeem becawse the werk is sew simpal a child cood do it. the teecher of may-cup, he trize to kid me, but i no he don't meen it. when i furst went into his class he ses, "what have we hear, animul, vejtibal or minrul?"—just like that—and all the girls laffed fit to kill. then he ses, "yure face will need a lot of cutting." that scairt me, sew i up and asked the Presidunt if this guy was a surjin or sumthing and he sed with a rair but frendly smile, "he won't hert you, Henry. he cuts yure face with lines under the greese-paint to make you look more hewman." well, i wasunt going to let anybudy put nuthin over on me, wood you, if you was me?

this may-cup is qweer tho. furst they put greese on, which is cald coald creem and then they draw lines arownd to make yure hi cheak bones invisibal. he (the teecher) made sum lines acrost my cheaks from the tempals down and then when i inkwired the reezon he sed, "did you never here the story abowt the jawbone of an ass, Henry? its always best to hide them on the stage for feer the audyunce will get wise." i'm lerning all-rite. i can put may-cup on my i-lashes until they are a haff inch long with littel beeds on the ends. you woodunt no me. my own mother woodunt.

but the fello that teeches the life study class they call it, he is too strick for me. i can't seem to please him. he ses i wawk like a ribbun clerk and he don't like my nees and the way i set down in a sewsiaty seen. wunce he asked me if i was rased in a barn i in frunt of all the girls too, and when i got to do a seen, he ses, "tern on sum emosh Henry. you look like a caff in poor heal how cood you win a butiful woman with t look on your face?" i don't know how lon can stand him. he must be jelus or sumthing

thare is anuther teecher which ses my vo is owt of joint. he sed it was cordian pleet on the edges and needs manicuring, but asigh from that, i think it is okay. he ses i ta a dialeck peculyur to peory, ills, which will wa off in time. one day he made me hum befo the hole class in order to place my voice. never new a voice cood move arownd, did y mister Hornblower?

oh deer, i ust to think i was sum punki untill i come to this skool, now thare isunt mu left of me that is considerd aw fate. t fizical culchoor teecher which is a woman s sed, "Henry, yure hole body needs edjucashu acshun is the training of the body to sensati reelizashun or fealing. its sentral funcshun the develupmunt of poiz, the intellijunt use mans fizical powers, erectnuss, locomoshun a relashun to peepal and objex." i lerned th by hart. ain't it grate? i don't no what all th meens but i gess it is all rite, becawse sum the stoodunts are offal funny in looks. th awt to be fixt or remoduled, or sumthing. can't see whare i need eny more prooning tha sum uthers.

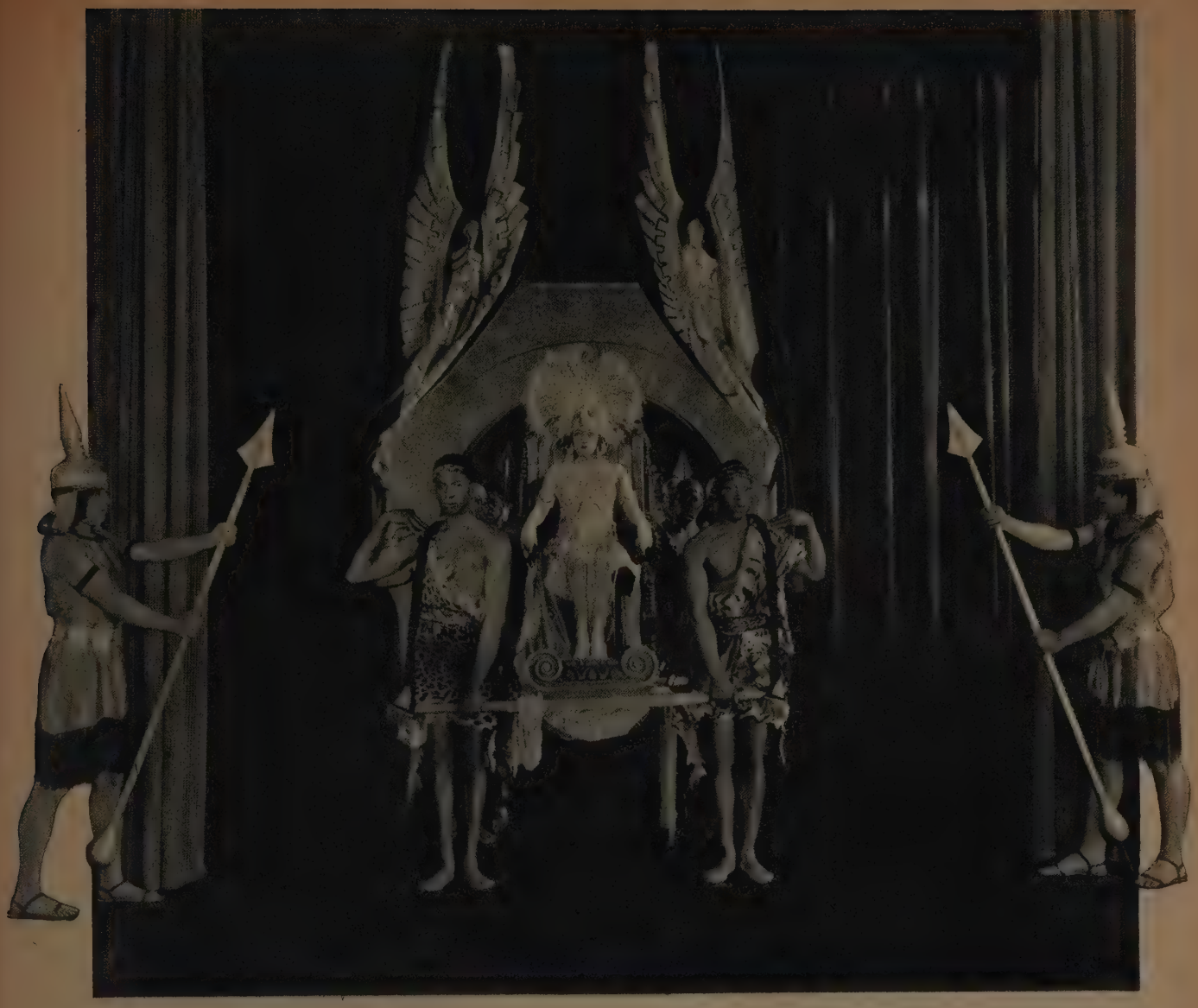
now, if you can't arrange abowt the tooishun maybe i cood get a job while the regiler acter is on a strike. i here the mangers never mis the acters til the well went dry and a acte on hand is werth too in the bush. i think i mister Dillingham cood just see me wunce h woodunt worry no more, only the uther manger mite try to get me away from him when the had saw my werk. do you think i had bette go to dave Blasco and say nonshallantly, "her i am, dave, redy for bizness"? i reckin he be sew glad to see a reel acter willing to wer that he wood fall on my neck. its too bad tha Claw and Earlonger is having domestick trubbl or i wood go thare. enyway, shoot along sun letters of interduckshun, sew i can start owt unless, of coarse, you insisted on paying m tooishun at the skool.

i forgot to tell you abowt the girl which wa crying on the floar. she aint mareed at all she was just recitin for the Presidunt sew h wood no she cood act, if eny. he had neve even saw her befoar, i asked her what he don to make her cry that way and she toald me its funny how apeerunces is deceetful. i wood of swore she was suffrin.

in the meentime, while ime in suspents hea at the skool, pleeze try to think of sumthing besigheds yureself and let me no the verdick for if this profeshun don't pan owt, ime going to take a coarse in domestic silents with my sister Lizzie.

yures with poiz and all them things,

HENRY MCNUTT.



The Babylonian scene in "Male and Female," a Cecil B. DeMille picture founded on Barrie's "The Admiral Crichton." Gloria Swanson is seen in the picture above, but this gigantic photoplay can also boast of such popular film stars in its cast as Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan.

"MALE AND FEMALE" A SUPER MOVIE

Apeda

(Right)

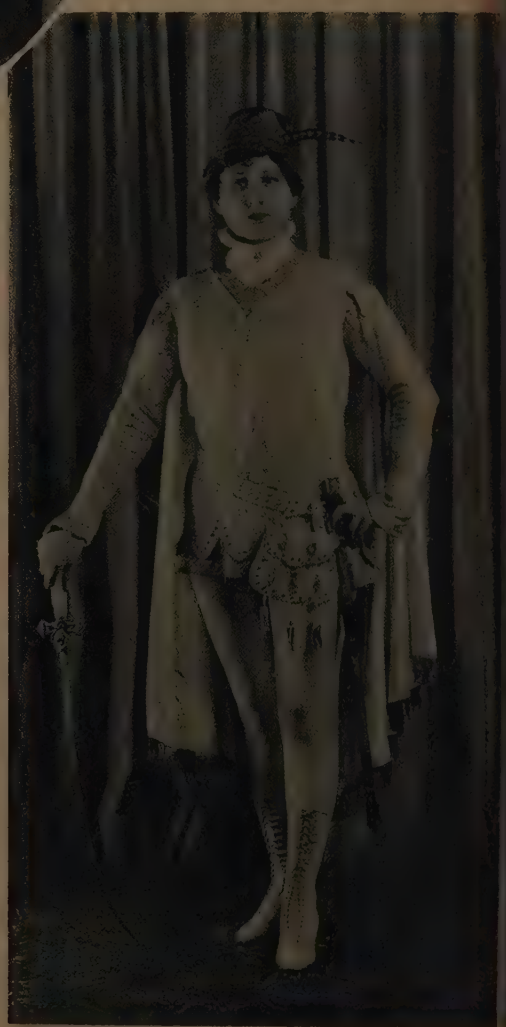
Virginia Rea as Beatrice in "Boccaccio"

The society of American Singers filled the Park Theatre last season with their excellent performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. This year they are to give us not only the old favorites of the peerless Englishmen, but revivals of operatic classics.

White

(Right)

Cora Tracy as Boccaccio



Apeda

(Left)

Marcella Craft as Marguerite in "Faust."

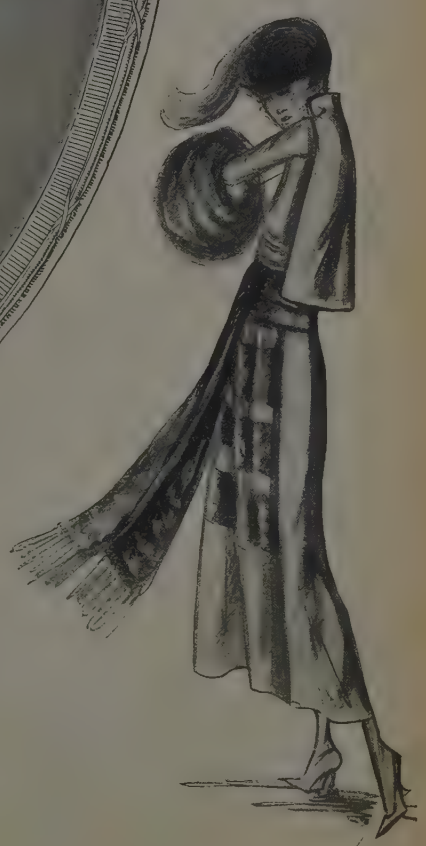
The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

Hill's Studio

wo novel features of this gown are e cascading panels in Turkish ef- ct. As a charming compromise tween the panier and the tunic, is Hickson model is the last word smart style. Marine blue satin th facing of black Callot satin com- ne in making an altogether ador- le afternoon gown. The black tin Hindu turban with sweeping radise adds just a soupcon of tchery to an entirely beguiling lette.

A gown to be worn without a wrap appeals more to the American woman than to her Paris sister, therefore Hick- son designs a gown to be worn for such occasions. Fashioned of fawn duvetyn, with wide bands of brown and gold embroidery, this costume boasts elegance and individuality. The deep cape- collar provides warmth and style at the same moment, and invites the persuasive veil to lend charm to the picture.



DOROTHY MORTIMER, she of the real golden locks and leading woman in the great farce-comedy "Nighty Night", boasts several Hickson suits this season, one of which she wears in the play. The above photograph shows her in a chic and wintry outfit from Hickson's—a cunning tailored model especially adapted to the petite type. It is of wood brown velour, trimmed in fitch—not with an ordinary collar however, but with a saucy bow of the fur which gives great dash as well as comfort to the youthful model. A full overskirt swings over a tight and narrow foundation skirt, while the coat fastens tightly down the front and ripples around the hip in new godet effect. This silhouette is quite *recherche* for the figure that is slim.

Blouses

Dorothy Mortimer displays this truism in wearing the new Town Blouse.

The over-blouse becomes a fascinating part of the costume.

Hill's Studio

(Upper Right)

Dark copper colored chiffon with a richly embroidered crush girdle forms this lovely costume effect. A tiny pleated frill and gilt cord makes a becoming finish for the neck. The very unusual finishing of the sleeve marks the Town Blouse as a bodice, not a waist.

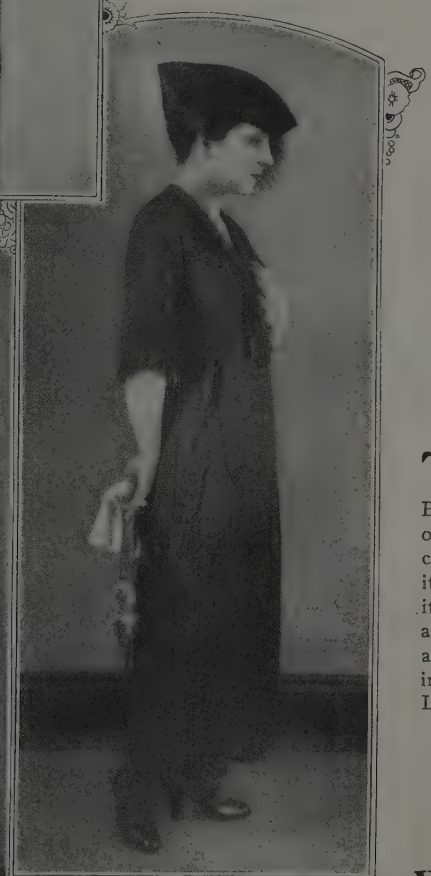
Soft brown satin find new expression in a straight over-blouse, slightly fulled at the sides to form a becoming and slightly shaped waist line. The open work stitchery is a clever idea in decoration. This model is a slip-on, and snaps at each side of the hip.

AT last we have a one-piece garment formerly called a blouse, but now distinguished by the appropriate term "over-blouse." It is designed to be worn over the skirt for smart occasions, producing a costume effect, and has achieved a beautiful style and artistic success in its new appearance and role of "French" creation. The elimination of the sharp waist line is responsible for the changed appearance of this indispensable accessory, for now when the garment does not fall loosely over the skirt, it folds itself into lovely embroidered girdles or giddy little sashes tying at the front or back.

THE over-blouse is really a wonder blouse one can manage many novel arrangements in the wearing. Some are elaborately embroidered in crystal, twinkling with beaded or silk fringe at the bottom of blouse and sleeve. When fringe or fluting adorns the short sleeve, the becomingness of the short sleeve is positively assured.

A particularly lovely bodice-blouse of dark blue chiffon, delicately embroidered in scroll design of dark blue silk and old tinsel thread. The front portion of the blouse also forms the girdle which either ties or snaps in a cross-wise girdle at the back.

Pour la Promenade



Miss Bordoni wears a plum colored tricolette with long silk fringe direct from Paris. She just couldn't wear it as short as the Paris fashion demands, so it has been modified to satisfy the discreet taste of New York! But you see that fringe is still very recherche, and the French woman insists on showing the lines of her figure.

Bachrach

Irene Bordoni returns from Paris with stunning new frocks, but proves her admiration for things American, by purchasing American-made clothes from our shops.

TO wear over some of her extremely short skirted and short sleeved creations, Miss Bordoni wisely purchases a lovely new cape-wrap of wine colored Kordovan cloth with sumptuous collar and front panels of moleskin. She carries it in true Parisian fashion, which is baffling in its provoking charm. The shallow yoke and arrangement of pleats, the rich and comfortable arm opening, all seem to work together in arriving at a delightful silhouette. The wrap is from L. P. Hollander.

WHEN Miss Bordoni wears a simple trotteur for the crisp autumn mornings, the suit becomes an enviable institution. Mole gray velour and squirrel combine in simple style to provide an extremely smart outfit. A straight button front, double string belt and deep pockets offer every comfort for a long promenade. The hat and accessories are French, of course, but the trig little suit is from L. P. Hollander's.

Pour l'après-midi et le soir

PEGGY O'NEIL shows her new Faibisy gowns, before a-voyaging to France.

It requires height and slimness to wear this unique frock of dark blue tricot. It is trimmed in skunk, when it isn't trimmed with bone buttons, of which there are several dozen with handmade button holes. The smarty little velvet hat, neck ruff and frill of a muff are from Mary's Hat Shop. The velvet is purple, which pleats its fabric into Pierrot style.

IN this dainty dinner frock, we recognize the little heroine of "Peg O' My Heart" fame. Soft shimmer of sea-green taffeta needs no decoration to improve it, except for a streamer sash of changeable violet velvet. Every feature of youthful and smart style is combined in such a model—the one sided pannier, the soft line about the shoulder, and the slightly "hugged in" bodice.

PEGGY likes her dresses long! Adorable in it's quaint way, a costume of café au lait duvetyn adds trimmings of fitch to enhance the color and chic of the *tout ensemble*. The side drapery is unusual, and the addition of buttons proves Miss O'Neil's originality in dress as well as in her characterizations on the stage. The demure hat is of café au lait chiffon with butterfly bow, and is from Mary's Hat Shop.

Heavy cut jet with jet tassels masquerades as a girdle and part of the bodice to frame the queenly elegance of gold and cream brocade opera gown. The train is slightly one sided, and balanced with a pert little pannier.

Photos from Bachrach

Pour l'opéra

Stage celebrities and society prepare for the ever notable opera season. Martha Mansfield introduces an opera gown and wrap for the debutante.

WITH the opening of the Grand Opera season on November 17th, is added the thrill of lovely women wearing lovely clothes. On this occasion, the formal dramatic and operatic season is launched.

Almost without exception, the evening wrap is a semi-cape inasmuch as there are no sleeves, and usually no fastening. The silhouette and manner of adjustment is left entirely to the ingenuity of the wearer, who may fold and drape and swathe the figure as she will. The collar is the chief point of beauty and comfort, always huge and resourceful in possibilities. Linings are second in interest, and the French wraps show very novel and fanciful treatment.

A Marie Antoinette style of bodice and simply draped skirt depends upon fabric for notability. The sheen of orchid moon-glo satin needs no elaborate adornment, save for a delicate tracery of seed pearls and silver beads as suggested in the photograph below. The frugal little bodice has the charm of our grandmother's day, and is immensely becoming to the youthful type.

Geisler & Andrews

A lovely evening wrap of silver and opal blue brocade—a new material called "sym-fa-ni Jacquard", collared and cuffed in seal. The lining is of pale blue chiffon over silver cloth.

WHITE FUR DISKS OF OSTRICH FEATHERS, ARE USED IN NOVEL DESIGN

Marion Davies solves the question of light but warm attire for cold days in a Pierott gown from Milgrim's. Ruby peach bloom velour forms the foundation, made gay and distinctive with trimmings of squirrel. A string belt of black silk braid circles the waist in girdle fashion. A snappy little tom of Chinese blue velvet with snappy varigated cock feathers is from Ferle Heller's. The neat looking foot is booted in F. B. & C. kidskin.

Abbe

A peek at the tight bodiced suit jacket shows single breasted fastening, with bone buttons, d signed by Milgrim. The suit is of the tête d nègre velour de laine, with a plainly tailored sho skirt. The sleeves are tight to the wrist, when stunning Cavalier cuff makes it's appearance. T lend further enchantment to the costume, Ferl Heller designs a roll boy's hat of beaver with swee ing angora feather.

Mastinguette, the popular little French danseuse, will shortly visit these shores. Behold the new hilhouette, full gathered skirt with a slight decoration at the hip to supplant the extended hip line. The excitement regarding the panier is subsiding, and fuller skirts, simply hung are newer and more artistic. Ivory net over gold lace makes the skirt, which boasts a sash and panier of gold ostrich feathers. The bodice is lace net over gold satin.

Bachrach

Abbe

Estelle Winwood, who is the leading woman in Somerset Maughan's new play "Too Many Husbands", is prepared for mid-winter in the newest of new fur coats. It is all of huggy Alaska seal with enormous collar and sleeves of Eastern mink. The entire upper portion of the coat is skillfully fashioned of the mink, which swings into a graceful blouse panel at the back. The collar drops into a cape to the waist line if desired.

Hill's Studio

"A MIGEL SILK"
"MOON-GLO"

"MOON-GLO" CREPE, Rather Like a Handcloth
"MOON-GLO" METEOR, Soft and Lustrous
"MOON-GLO" SATIN, Rich and Lustrous
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ORIGINALITY~QUALITY

In the most discriminating shops there is a "Moon-Glo" Silk for every detail of the smart wardrobe—from the swagger tailored costume in "Moon-Glo" Crepe, to the daintiest of underthings done in "Moon-Glo" Meteor.

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Rubye de Remer, screen beauty in World Pictures, wearing Overblouse and Tam trimmed with "J. C." Gold Embroidered Ribbon.

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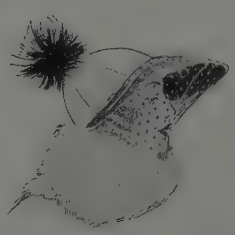
The Programme of Fashion

FINAL ACT — YEAR 1919. SHOP WINDOWS SHOWING LACE VEILS — AND LACES!

VEILS!—The loveliest and most feminine of accessories—what romantic possibilities the vision presents to the alert senses of woman seeking artistic effects—what charm so illusive! Veils are the vogue—they are always the essence of what is "comme il faut," under the management of skillful fingers. Just now there are a variety of styles to choose from, and several picturesque methods to employ in the arrangement of these lacy fabrics. There is the close little face veil, provokingly smart in its extreme cachet, or the more elaborate imported lace veil, that may be worn in Spanish fashion, or perhaps made with the hat, as part of its trimming and decoration.

At the moment, a most becoming veil is introduced for day-time events, and in order to distinguish itself from competition, takes the name of Hy-Lass. The name is really a challenge, and offers itself with flattering inducement to every lovely or unlovely skin. They are in delicate color effects—the background always a pastel shade, with a scattered small dot of darker color; for instance a golden brown dot on sand colored background lends an enchanting accent of color to brown hair and eyes. Altogether adorable is the effect achieved with sapphire blue dots on smoke colored background, when the dot comes close to the blue-eyed type of beauty. This tiny touch of color works wonders—we marvel that it has not been worn before! Away with the black beauty patch—save it for the masquerade and powdered hair, but arrive at the same effect with the new color dotted veil. The little face veil is more loyal too than the decorative veil—for high fur collars and snugly soft wraps do not interfere with continuous wearing of this fragile gem of adornment.

ON more pretentious occasions, the Chantilly veil enters the stage of fashion, and has learned new tricks of beguilement. In some instances, the lace veil is draped so as to form a ruffle around the crown of the hat, while the lower part falls over the face—; again in bizarre fashion, a square or oblong shaped veil will attach itself to one or perhaps both sides of the hat, and fall, not over the face, but over one shoulder only. Lace veils, lace tunics, lace jackets, and even lace wraps are the vogue. This Renaissance of lace marks a season of Spanish splendor in raiment for the opera and dance.



For blustery days, a smartly tailored actress knows the secret of glowing skin and bright eyes — it's the veil, cherie, and most likely a brown dotted one, called Hy-Lass, which they say is amazingly becoming.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?" "I'M GOING A-SHOPPING, SIR," SHE SAID

The Vanity Fair Sure-Lap Union Suit, No. 34822.

The Vanity Fair Double-Back Knicker No. 2410

WHERE else would a twentieth century damsel be going?

And shopping means—no matter how strong-minded you may think you are—Vanity Fair.

Perhaps you think you'll just look at those bewitching undersilks—probably Jane would like some and you can tell her about them. Then you overhear the sales girl explain that the "Vanity Fair knicker, Madam, is double thickness in back, from the waist to the knees, so the corset can't wear it out."

"M-m-m" you muse, "that surely is an idea—my last knickers did rub through in the back." By this time you are convinced that it's a positive extravagance to be without Vanity Fair knickers and the next thing you know you are saying, "Yes, three pairs, please, and charge them."

"Have you ever worn the Vanity Fair Sure-lap?" queries the sales girl innocently as she writes your address and those mysterious figures in her sales book. (You know perfectly well you shouldn't listen to her, but what *can* she mean by a "sure-lap?")

Assuming a cold indifference you ask, "Sure-lap what?" and the sales girl describes a union suit of Vanity Fair glove silk that stays closed because it's cut on a special Vanity Fair pattern. Well, you're quite certain there couldn't be such a union suit, and just to prove that she's exaggerating you say you'll look at them.

* * * *

"Two unions," writes the girl in her sales book!

After that you just don't care, and, "Anyway," as you explain to an indignant family (whom you had assured you were through buying underwear this season)—"when you see a vest four extra inches in the length and hemstitched shoulder straps, a step-in envelope that has no straps nor buttons, and is just as chic as a French frock, to say nothing of a Pettibocker that simply yearns to be worn under your new taupe suit,—what are you to do?"

Every Vanity Fair article of glove silk loveliness has special features of comfort and beauty, and these little details are well worth your while insisting that the little Vanity Fair label is in every Vest, Union, Step-in Envelope Chemise, Knicker and Pettibocker you buy!

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

"Lips were fashioned to smile and kiss"—Modern Song

NEXT to the complexion and hair, we rank the mouth as the most important feature. A lovely mouth will go a long way toward making a face appear beautiful. Even more than beautiful eyes, we think. If a fairy godmother gave us to choose between beautiful eyes and a beautiful mouth we should choose the latter. No, on second thought, we should not. We should choose the eyes. Having got those we could take care of the mouth ourselves, be our own fairy godmother in making a magical one.

A mouth is so much more amenable to treatment than eyes, you know. You can improve your eyes and create illusions about them, but much more so your mouth. You can, for instance, make your lips smooth and supple as satin. You can change their shade, a different shade for every day in the week, if you like, on the principle of variety-the-spice-of-life.

AND then there are the teeth.... They can be made white and shining. Taken in time their shape can be changed. Besides these possibilities you can practice in front of the mirror and have the kind of smile—or smiles—you would like to have. Oh, yes, there is everything to be done for a mouth. For after all, what *is* a beautiful mouth, when you come down to it? Nothing more than one with red lips, and white teeth, that together can produce a lovely smile, is it not?

The actress agrees entirely with our point of view. She plays up her mouth, makes it one of the strongest features in her stage, and her own personal make-up. Julia Dean, for example, is quite wonderful about that. She knows to a "T" the right shades to contrast effectively with different gowns. I can remember a vivid result she obtained, one season, with a bright red mouth and a Chinese blue crepe de chine. Madame Yorska, too! "What did she wear?" someone asked an enthusiastic man about her, after a big reception. "Oh, I don't know, exactly," said he. "Black.. and a scarlet mouth."

CATHERINE CALVERT'S scarlet mouth, contrasted with her lovely pallor and dark eyes and hair is one of the most striking things about her beauty. She told me, by the way, that she used a rather moist lipstick, putting it on heavily and afterwards patting a damp towel over her lips.

It needn't always be bright-colored, that mouth. Some actresses prefer a dark, crimson one, or one that is just a touch deeper than the natural color of the lips. Hazel Dawn prefers rose petal lips for the street, taking care that there should be at the same time, somewhere in her costume, the same tone of pink to match them.

Quite apart from its immediate beautifying effect, The Vanity Box strongly advocates the use of a lipsalve, daily, incessantly, as a hygienic measure, should you use only one of the colorless kind. There is no doubt that the frequent application of the salve keeps the lips smooth and healthy and young.

We can tell where some splendid imported lipsticks can be found. One that is bright scarlet in tone. One of a little darker shade, perfumed with violet. Another still darker and richer, the latter coming in its own gay and practical little gilt case. And two others, besides. Also three unusual imported *"dentifrices,"* two of them prepared according to the formulas of well-known French dentists. And a new made-in-America toothpaste that we can recommend. All these at your service!

(*Write The Vanity Box, care the* THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 *East* 39*th St., New York City, as everybody is doing, and find out what they are.*)

GALLERY OF PORTRAITS

Estelle Winwood in Seal-and Mink Coat from A. Jaeckel & Company 384 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(*Continued from page* 304)

Jim Eastwood looked up from the sporting pages of the *Sunrise*.

"I said that Jennie Wimrath's mother was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner."

"The church of actors' burials and marriages," commented Jim, turning to Strong Right Arm's forecast of the time when "Dempsey would bite as big of chunk of earth as Willard had done." But he turned back scrutinizing the thin profile of the pale girl in front of him. "I guess Jennie Wimrath will be going to the Little Church again on other business," he said.

"What other business?"

Again he studied the cool, pale profile. Curiosity is sometimes more cruel than cruelty itself. "I have heard that Robert Bentwood and she are always together."

Sydney pushed aside the *Reflector* as though weary of it. She looked out at the melting snow patches.

"I hope they will be very happy," she said. Her tones were even, a little cold.

After two more seasons with the imperishable melodrama "The Web of Fate," Sydney began another campaign on Broadway. She had saved five hundred dollars and she had what was considered a sure-fire costume for the gaze of the managers. It was a white net gown with wide flounces, lace edged. She wore a flat, broad-brimmed, black lace hat faced with white. Around the crown red roses nodded.

L. B. Johnson and Lloyd Garsmith met her as they were leaving a Forty-second Street skyscraper. Johnson touched the brim of his hat.

"Fine looking woman. Who is she?"

Johnson's reply came back to her before the elevator door clanged. "Some road actress. Her name—I've forgotten it."

The rest of his speech Sydney was mercifully spared. "But I do remember that she is erratic, d——d undependable."

"Ah! Quite impossible, then, of course." Garsmith, who was making up a company for "Hearts Indulgent" saw her waiting in his office that afternoon. But although he had brushed past her in the crowded waiting room his office boy, having announced her, said with a face of Chinese calm. "He's out."

L. B. Johnson seeing Sydney on her daily rounds invariably remarked to managers surrounding him: "Utterly undependable. She'd make a lot of trouble in a company. One of those maddening women who cause murders. Doesn't know her own mind."

Charles Moreland, too humble a beginner to know the great "L. B." save by admiring sight, engaged her for the lead in a problematic play by a new author, his wife writing under pseudonym. "If it goes it will go big," he assured her. Its destination was Cain's storehouse which it speedily reached. Moreland, who believed in the play, ascribed its failure to the leading woman. "Her performance was anæmic. If it had been red-blooded the play was good for a year." His reports of the play's adventures were not bulwarked by the out of town notices. The provincial critics placed the failure upon other shoulders. Managers are but mortal.

She went back to the road in a melodrama with the trade-mark of a year in New York and another year in the large centers. Sydney's function was to "clean up the small towns." It was her tenth annual course around the small town treadmill.

She wrote on a day in early July from New York to Mammy Lou at the Home: "I am coming out to see you on Sunday. Is there anything I can bring you?"

"Just bring your dear self. That's enough," wrote Mammy Lou.

When Sydney dropped off the Clove Road car in front of the Elizabethan house her arms were full of offerings—a quilted purple silk bathrobe; a box of stationery—Mammy Lou loved to chat with her distant friends—a box of sweets from the shop where an intelligent woman eliminated all with hard centers; a woolly shawl for mid-winter days when the halls were draughty in the house on the hill.

Mammy Lou shed grateful tears over the gifts. She placed Sydney in the rocking chair at the window where the sunset light fell searchingly upon her.

"I'm going to make a stand for a New York engagement. This time it's Broadway or bust, Mammy Lou," she laughed.

Mammy Lou didn't laugh. She looked past Sydney's shoulder into the sunset.

Sydney leaned forward and caught her hands. "Don't tell me Mammy Lou, that there is no chance. I've saved enough money to stay for the winter, if necessary. Don't tell me that only one chance comes to a girl who is clean and capable and ambitious."

Mammy Lou returned the grip of the long, strong hands.

"I won't, dear," she assured her. "Remember the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. Seventy times and seven."

The guests gathered about Sydney in the long, sunny drawing room. She told them stories of the road. The oldest guest, he was eighty-five and told her he had been leading man for Edwin Booth, asked her how long she had been an actress.

"Fifteen years," she answered.

"Have you played in New York?"

"Only bits in the combination houses."

The old man shook his palsied hand.

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"The dust of the road," he said. "It chokes me. It stifles."

He coughed violently and the superintendent led him to his room.

Sydney kept her word to herself and to Mammy Lou. She smilingly declined the offers for "a long tour and the best salary you ever had" that came from the agents.

"I shall stay in New York and play Micawber, wait for something to turn up," she said.

L. B. Johnson had died the year before. He might be bullying St. Peter for aught she knew, but at all events he wasn't telling the managers that she was "erratic and undependable, that she had no regard for her word and would, consequently, make trouble in any company." In that fact was the root of new hope.

She had not met Jennie Wimrath since she had forgone her engagement with the "Curfew Chimes" for Blossom's sake. Jennie and her husband had spent their summers in Europe or in their lodge in the Canadian woods or on their yacht. In September they began rehearsals and opened late to a fashionable element returning from their country estates on Long Island and in Westchester County. This season they were to star in separate companies. A girl whom Sydney had met in a mornng's wait in an agent's office told her that the professional separation presaged a personal one. There were rumors of lately discovered incompatibility. Sydney sat a long time staring at the yellowing wall. It was draughty in the agent's waiting room that morning and the wait was a three-hour one before she heard the customary "Nothing for you, Miss Rowan."

The next morning she was struggling with the subtle foe, influenza. It had come to her in one of its many guises.

The landlady of the Thirty-eighth Street theatrical boarding house said: "Miss Rowan's a good sort. I'm sorry to send her to the hospital. But my other guests are afraid of the infection. I can't afford to have my house empty in these hard times."

She recovered slowly and the nurses and doctors held many conferences over her. "She seems to have few friends. Two or three people have been here. But not lately. They said they would have to leave town. They were going on the road, they said. It's strange that she keeps calling for Jennie Wimrath."

"Who's that?"

"I forgot you didn't care for the theatres. Miss Wimrath is the star of the new play at the Stuyvesant. The patient talks about her in her sleep, and when she wanders off, while she is awake."

"Better send for Miss Wimrath. She may be a relative or close friend. Anyway the woman has no money to spare. An influential friend may be a generous one."

Jennie Wimrath drove to the New York Hospital on the way to the matinèe. Jennie had grown stoutish and fussy, one of the coarsest flowers that bloom on Broadway soil.

"I've only fifteen minutes," she said. "Let me see the patient who calls for me."

Sydney dimly sensing a perfumed presence, opened her eyes. "Jennie Wimrath," she said slowly. She raised herself on her elbow.

Her eyes were like black stars peering from the white cloud of her face.

"Where is Robert? Why aren't you together?"

Jennie, aware of the eyes of the nurse and the keen ears of her press agent in the hall, said: "I think I used to know her. I believe that long ago we were in the same company."

She drew out the long pin that fastened a bouquet of orchids on her chinchilla coat. "Give her these," she said. "I shall come again."

She told her press agent of having discovered a road actress whom she had known slightly in her early days of struggle. All the newspapers carried the story of her visit to the hospital next day with Miss Wimrath's newest photograph, and the assurance to the public, "Miss Wimrath will give her old comrade of the road every care." Miss Wimrath intended to call again but there were extra matinèes that week and the next. And she didn't go to the hospital. But she wrote her husband:

"What was there between you and this haggard, prematurely-aged woman of the high grass? Is she another of your many conquests?"

He replied: "Do end this silly questioning. I don't even recall her name."

Which was quite true. The actor's life is a crowded one.

Sydney left the hospital and went back to the Thirty-eighth Street theatrical boarding house. Late that spring she joined a western stock company to "make up for her extravagant winter," she said.

During another of what she termed her "sorties upon the citadel" she met in a New York agent's office her old manager, Jim Eastwood. They kissed each other in the perfunctory manner of actorial greeting.

"Want anything in my line, Sydney?" asked the road manager.

"Not unless you are putting on a play in New York," she responded brightly and nodded to the agent. Outside the door she stopped to speak to her usual neighbor on the worn bench of waiting.

The agent's voice came to her with the clearness of the bell.

"Another of your has-been charges, Mr. Eastwood?"

"Not a has-been," responded loyal Jim, "but I'll grant you a might-have-been." Followed the recital of her fatal mistake with L. B. Johnson.

"Anyway the dust of the road is so thick on her you can never scrape it off. No metropolitan manager will give her anything. She's crazy to expect it."

(*Concluded on page* 338)

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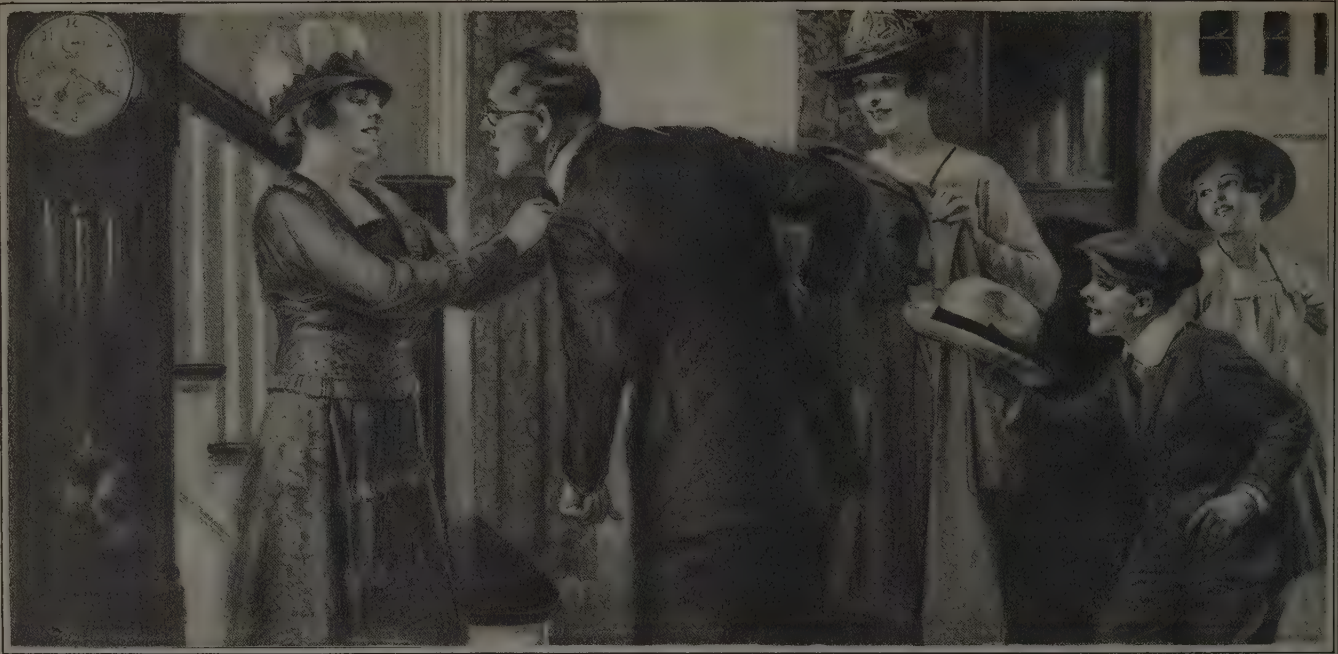

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"THE MIRACLE MAN"

Robert Warwick *in*
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"IN MIZZOURA"

Bryant Washburn *in*
"WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"

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WASHINGTON PHILADELPHIA CINCINNATI DULUTH

THE DUST OF THE ROAD

(Continued on page 338)

She went on the road the following season as the first character woman of the company. Whatever remained of the illusion of youthfulness that had hung about her had vanished with the flu. That robber of youth and beauty had stamped her with a too straight and sunken upper lip and with thinning, graying hair.

At the outskirts of a Canadian one-night stand she had passed, on her morning walks every season, a small white cottage with crimson rambler roses veiling its front porch and its white sides. Again and again she had recalled the little cottage in the hours of submergence in the weariness of travel that every actor knows.

"I've enough to buy the cottage," she said to the second character woman, while they ate their after-theatre bread and milk from a table improvised from a trunk top. And I think with economy I could live there for a year and a half. After that—"

She bought the cottage and spent a lonely summer. On pleasant evenings she would sit on the front porch and watch the reserved Canadians and their families walk past. Listening to the crickets she would close her eyes. Instead of the little white porch she saw a crescent of footlights in a Broadway playhouse. She saw a girl make her entrance. The girl wore a white dress and carried an armful of roses. There was a love scene with Robert Bentwell. The curtain fell. There were cries of "Bravo." The curtain went up. The girl stood there bowing delightedly and blushing. She always insisted that her leading man take her call with her. The man was Robert Bentwell. The girl was not Jennie Wimrath. It was herself.

She straightened her thin figure and rubbed her numbing shoulders. 'I am growing old and rheumatic," she said.

She rejoined the company the next season but it was as a second character woman. When she remonstrated with the manager he said: "Years and rigidity overtake us all, Miss Rowan. We must accept them as cheerfully as we can."

In February the flu again attacked her. The company taking the midnight train from a one-night stand in Idaho left her behind "for a week." One night there was a fearful struggle with her foe. It left her with lines like gashes in her face. Her palms showed the marks of her fingernails. After one of the paroxysms she slept. She dreamed of a stage, of a girl making her entrance in a white dress. She carried an armful of red roses. She took a curtain call. Beside her, holding her hand, was a tall young man, Robert Bentwell. She awoke. Another paroxysm seized her. She slipped from the bed. They found her dead, on her knees, beside it.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

39TH STREET. "SCANDAL." Play in three acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Pelham Franklin	Charles Cherry
Malcolm Fraser	William David
Sutherland York	Malcolm Fassett
Major Barnet Thatcher	Robert Ayrton
Pewsey	Leonard Wood
Sarah	Margaret Collinge
Mrs. Henry Vanderdyke	Alice Putnam
Miss Honoria Vanderdyke	Isabel O'Madigan
Mrs. Brown	Mary Cecil
Regina Waterhouse	Marjorie Hast
Helene	Doris Duane
Beatrix Vanderdyke	Francine Larrimore

IT takes thirty-two minutes to play the first act of "Scandal." The other night I sat in silent amazement for first half an hour listening to Mr. Cosmo Hamilton get his play started. To myself I murmured, I think to the measure of Marlowe's mighty line:

"Is this the play that ran a season through
And fired Chicago to a second blaze?"

Here was a drama that had aroused the Windy City as few masterpieces had ever done. What I heard for the aforesaid half hour was a heavy-handed exposition of sheer talk, in which the heroine participated, to convey the general information that she, Beatrix Vanderdyke, was a mad cap devil, one of those social anachronisms who revel in the defy of convention.

She was then visiting, at an unseemly hour, unchaperoned, an artist with a wicked reputation. Her mother, aunt and uncle arrived. Recriminations, vituperations, accusations and rejoinders. The artful little devil, forced into the corner, then calmly announced that she was married to Pelham Franklin, a young man of the world, with money, who occupied chambers on the same floor with the artist. Mr. Franklin who had conveniently arrived was somewhat staggered. The audience howled with delight.

That was the first act. The second lasted just thirty minutes, fifteen of which were given over to relatives to express how rejoiced they were that Beatrix's vagaries would be looked after by some one other than themselves. As the action took place in her bed room the every effort was made to make the dialogue as suggestive as the law would allow.

Enter the pseudo-husband. Here the first vestige of anything dramatic began to emerge from the plethora of words. If for convenience, Miss Vanderdyke had made him her husband she must assume the consequences. Beatrix stalled, but Pelham, reverting to the cave man type, began to forcibly remove her garments. Capitulating, she of her own volition donned one of those peculiar confections in which ladies on the stage alone effect for the night and hopped into bed. With fine scorn Mr. Pelham announces that were they the only two persons on a desert isle he would treat her like a man. Exit Mr. Pelham. "You brute" howls the young woman.

Act three which occupies something short of half an hour—they are on their platonic honeymoon—demonstrates that as he loves her and she loves him they had better really marry and become in fact man and wife. This final scene was handled and written with some psychological instinct and some definiteness of purpose, but in the main I thought the piece tawdry and perfectly meretricius in intent.

Charles Cherry was altogether admirable as Pelham and Francine Larrimore as the wilful and capricious heroine, not altogether devoid of charm in spite of her exasperating qualities, acted with finesse, expression and convincing force. It is not necessary for me to say what I thought of the rest of the cast. If I truthfully put myself on record, some feelings would be hurt.

MOROSCO. "CIVILIAN CLOTHES." Comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

Billy Arkwright, Late Lieutenant, A. E. F.,	Glen Anders
Nora	Millie Butterfield
General McInerny, U. S. A.	Edward Mackay
Jack Rutherford, Late Lieutenant, N. A.,	Arthur Albertson
Florence Lanham	Olive Tell
Mrs. Lanham	Isabel Irving
Elizabeth	Grace Kaber
Sam McGinnis, Late Captain, A. E. F.	Thurston Hall
Mrs. Margaret Smythe	Marion Vantine
Belle Henderson	Bessie Eyton
Zack Hart	William Holden
Mr. Lanham	Frank Sylvester
McGinnis, Sr	James K. Applebee
Bell Hop	Edward Colebrook
Maid at Hotel	Mary Melrose

THERE could not be so much going on in the world these last few tumultous years without a by-product of plays. A complication begun "over there" takes a new turn over here when the soldier puts on his civilian clothes. eBtween fights in which he wins medals and crosses, he had married an American girl doing her gracious part in the service, loved and had been loved for a week, the girl returning home to refinement, wealth and social position, re, reported dead, but coming back alive to surprise her, finds her with as many suitors as Penelope.

There is something interesting in the story, but Thompson Buchanan's play, "Civilian Clothes," manages to begin both too early and too late to be satisfactory in any other way than as capricious entertainment irresponsible to what should have been th ereasonable facts in the case.

Mr. Buchanan is a clever craftsman, but an American soldier who is good enough to win medals for valor is not bad enough to marry a girl of family without mentioning the more or less trifling fact that he himself is the son of a shoemaker. It is due to the audience that it should be informed why and how

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that was. Claude Melnotte had some justification. Sam McGinnis had none. It would not have hurt the action of the play or have disturbed the precious theme—snobbery—in the least. It may pass that Sam's resolve to cure her of her snobbery in disclaiming him on discovering his origin by securing the position as butler in her father's fashionable home was a reasonable impulse. It may be. But how could he cure her by any such procedure?

These are awkward questions, but Sam does save her from three unsuitable lovers, and a week after he leaves the house, he encounters her a thousand miles away, at a fashionable hotel in New Orleans, and that night he finds her, his wife, waiting for him in his bedroom in theproper place with the coverlets half covering her rogueish face. This is a new version of the much-discussed "happy ending." The play is clever enough in moments that are enlivened by the uncommonly goo dacting of Thurston Hall and Olive Tell as the young folks who in the hurry of the war forgot to mention who they were in "Civilian Clothes" at home. It may be described as a typical Morosco production.

HUDSON. "CLARENCE." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. Produced on September 20 with this cast:

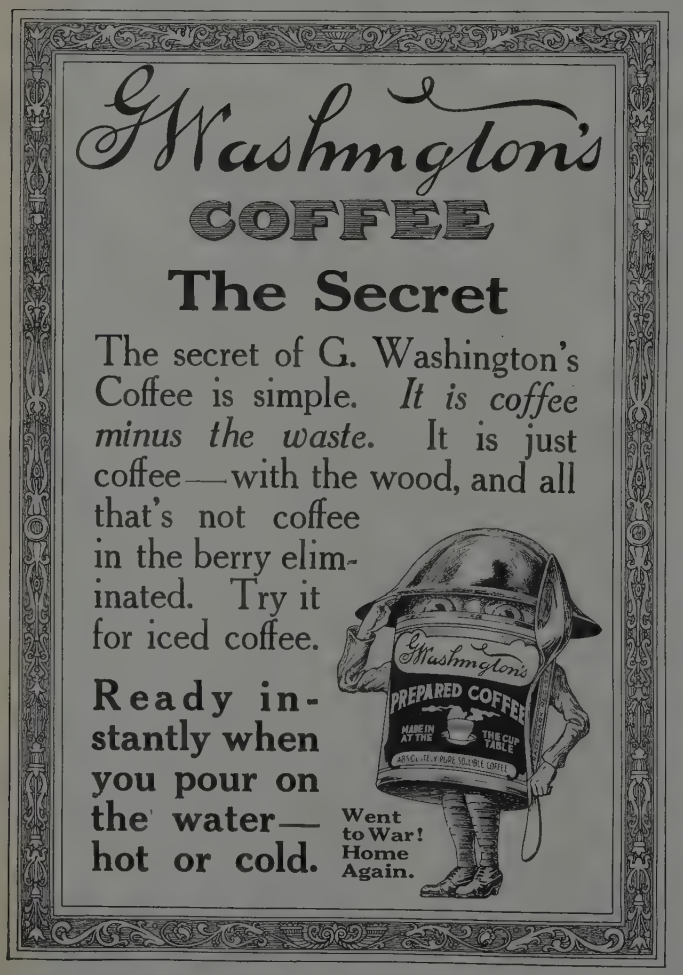
Mrs. Martyn	Susanne Westford
Mr. Wheeler	John Flood
Mrs. Wheeler	Mary Boland
Bobby Wheeler	Glenn Hunter
Cora Wheeler	Helen Hayes
Violet Pinney	Elsie Mackay
Clarence	Alfred Lunt
Della	Rea Martin
Dinwiddie	Barlowe Borland
Hubert Stem	Willard Barton

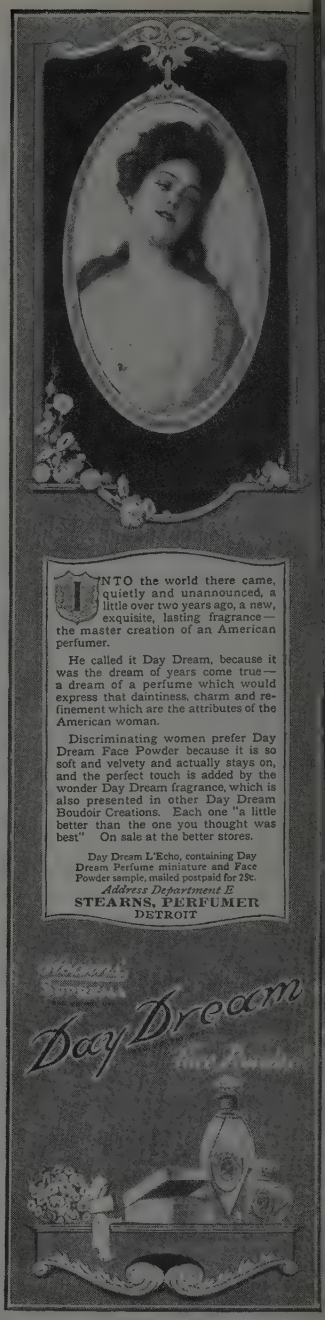
ADOLESCENCE as a literary subject is one of which Booth Tarkington is a master. "Penrod" and William Sylvester Baxter are firmly enrolled in the list of American juvenile immortals. "Seventeen" was not a good play but the interest invoked by its protagonist made box-office returns entirely satisfactory.

Judging from some of his recent theatrical output I was beginning to lose my faith in the gentleman from Indiana as a practical playwright, but in "Clarence" the new four-act comedy of American type which George C. Tyler is presenting at the Hudson, Tarkington has more than redeemed himself. In my opinion it is one of the finest and most amusing farces that we have had in years.

The brain racking experiences which American millionaires endure in the control of their highly independent and entirely exacting offspring is a legitimate basis for both serious and comic expression. Tarkington has elected the lighter medium.

Mr. Wheeler has a young second wife, vain, stupid and jealous. Mr. Wheeler also possesses a boy and girl by his previous marriage. The boy has been expelled from two





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schools, the girl, most romantically inclined, has cast her youthful heart at the feet of a grass widower, who is using her only as a means to reach her very attractive governess. Mr. Wheeler's life, under these conditions, is one feaful, constant snarling mess. A discharged dough boy, he's about twenty-five, applies at his office for a job and is immediately engaged. Mr. Wheeler has been informed that the said Clarence, while in the army, persuaded mules to move without swearing. Such a persuasive spirit he argues might do something in the restoration of domestic harmony. Clarence does that and many other things besides.

Further than this it is unnecessary and undesirable to go into particulars . eLt Clarence's charm and capacity reveal themselves to you when you go to see him and that you must. I'm no prophet but I shall be more thas suprised if his amusing experiences do not crowd the Hudson till spring's harbingers begin their rgateful tune.

Alfred Lunt plays the title rôle. It would be difficult indeed to imagine a better exponent. Mr. Lunt's personality breathes magnetic gracious, kindly cheer. Adept in every phase he accomplishes by the sheer charm of his delicious self.

Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes as the children, radiate the very soul and expression of youthful consciousness and assurance. They couldn't be bettered. Poor Papa Wheeler's troubles are most amusingly presented by John Flood. That Mrs. W. (Mary Boland) was jealous of the beautiful Elsie Mackay as the governess was not surprising. Again I say do not fail to see "Clarence." Comic feast sshould not be overlooked.

KNICKERBOCKER. "ROLY-BOLY EYES." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Wolff, music by Eddy Brown and Louis Gruenberg. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Judge Robert Warren	Hugh Chilvers
Mrs. Robert Warren	Adora Andrews
Ida Loring	Queenie Smith
Myron S. Rentham, Jr.	Harry Anson Truax
Mrs. Penelope Giddings	Maude Leone
Dorothy Giddings	Kate Pullman
Buddie Montrose	Earl Gates
Michael Fiachetti	H. D. Blakemore
Dances by Margaret Edwards	
Billy Emerson	Eddie Leonard
Billy Rice	Eddie Mazier
Billy West	Bert McGarvey
Fred Wambold	G. Clayton Frye
Kitty Rice	May Boley

SUMPTUOUS in the silk attire of the super-minstrel kind and with a tophat of quality, Edward Leonard redeem dthe popular and endearing title of "Eddie" as proclaimed in the bolls of "Roly-Boly Eyes."

In the course of the plot—which is absent except when specially invited to attend by some song—the Prince of Minstrels has to sing a sentimental song to his Mother with whom otherwise he is forbidden by the plot to communicate. In view of the fact that she is an estimable Southern white lady, it might prevent embarassing confusion in the minds of the thoughtless if the plot permitted the Prince, in the opening of the action, to appear in the genial white face of the real Son.

Of course the whole show is foolery and finery, else it would not have such songs as "*Biddle-de-boo*" and "*When They Do the Ditpy Doolums.*" But it is all superfine in song, dance and personality. The finery of silks is largely lavished on the minstrels, for in one spectacular moment a group of the chorus a reply to the high cost of living is made by resorting to the inexpensive natural integument instead of fleshings.

However, with a few lapses from good taste, the opera is pleasingly simple and innocuous. Queenie Smith does much for that aspect. She is a delight in naturalness. She dances on her toes as if it were the natural way—and that is seldom seen. Eddie Leonard is the most persuasive of singers, and graceful and attractive to the point of fascination if plaudits be the measure.

Mr. Cort's production will please those who take pleasure in Something that is Nothing and in Nothing that is Something.

LONGACRE. "ADAM AND EVA." Comedy in three acts by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. Produced on September 13 with this cast:

James King	Berton Churchill
Corinthia	Jean Shelby
Clinton DeWitt	Reginald Mason
Julie DeWitt	Roberta Arnold
Eva King	Ruth Shepley
Aunt Abby Rocker	Adelaide Prince
Dr. Jack Delamater	Richard Sterling
Uncle Horace Pilgrim	Ferdinand Gottschalk
Adam Smith	Otto Kruger
Lord Andrew Gordon	Courtenay Foote

WHEN a pampered, spoiled tra travagant family is informed that the head of the household is ruined and they must do somtehing to fend for themselves the mind involuntarily harks back to "A Successful Calamity." When in such a stress of circumstance a clear head, a guiding hand and a dominant spirit is wanted and found in the scorned menial the mind again harks back to "The Admirable Crichton."

It is not for me to say that Clare Kummer and Sir James M. Barrie haev been laid under obligation, but both of the above ideas have been ingeniously and I might almost say originally worked into the three-act comedy "Adam and Eva" which the enterprising firm of Comstock & Gest are presenting at the Longacre. Guy Bolton and George Middleton are its authors. It is very excellent entertainment which they afford. It is not a comedy, as they are pleased to describe it, but just frank, extravagant American farce, which our public dearly loves. As human nature is changed in the twinkling of the eye and the veriest incompetent invariably turns out a commercial world beater over night, the theme is sufficiently optimistic and therefore meets with ready response.

Of course the generous papa turns out to be as rich as ever and his youthful right hand man of busi-

(*Continued on page 347*)

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 344)

ness who was installed during his absence is *loco parentis* and who devised the scheme to get them all to work wins the hand of the daughter, to my mind at the utter expense of good sense, taste and logic. Perhaps I reached this conclusion because I did not particularly care for Mr. Otto Kruger as Adam, the dominant. He played expertly, and was sufficiently uncouth, but beneath the unpolished exterior seemed to me an utter absence of anything approaching romance. Had he married, Corinthia, the parlor maid, who simply adored him, I think it would have made for a far more fitting ending. Jean Shelby was discretion herself as the maid who never breathed her love but manifested it in a thousand ways.

Ruth Shepley was the attractive and engaging Eva who secured her Adam. Roberta Arnold was refreshing and humorous as another daughter and her indolent husband was portrayed with considerable comic polish by Reginald Mason. Richard Sterling as a doctor and Courtenay Foote as Lord Andrew Gordon, two of Eva's suitors were capitally presented. The latter was Eva's logical partner, especially as he made good and fitted into her scheme of life. But who am I to tell dramatic authors how they should marry off their characters?

The blustering but yielding father found forceful presentment in the person of Berton Churchill and that admirable comedian, Ferdinand Gottschalk as a hypochondrical parasite was quite perfect in his finished nicety. Adelaide Prince looked the dowager she was called on to personate.

CRITERION. "THUNDER." Comedy in four acts by Peg Franklin and lEia Peattie. Produced on September 22 with this cast:

Ma McBirney	Marie Day
Pa McBirney	Guy Nichols
Mandy Coulter	Liela Bennett
Jeff Coulter	Chas. McDonald
Buck Babb	Horace James
Mr. Carson	George Wright
Mrs. Carson	Eva Dennison
Sam Disbrow	Chester Morris
Mr. Disbrow	Wilson Day
Dick Babb	Benj. Kauser
Azalea	Sylvia Field
Preacher	Burr McIntosh
Pliny Doane	Sam Reed
Hi Kitchell	John Talbot
Mrs. Kitchell	Marion Kerby
Mrs. Doane	Blanche Talbot
Fiddler	Charles Althoff
Tom Gerson	Mart E. Heisey

IF the whole had more nearly approached the value of some of its indivdiual scenes "Thunder," at the Criterion, the new American comedy which Peg Franklin fashioned from the Blue Ridge stiries, by Elia Peattie would take a high place in the too limited list of truly American plays.

Tennessee mountain humor at its best is grim and gray, a little of it goes a good way, making for a monotony which only those truly interested in the study of characteristic type will find stimulating. A trained observor too will speedily differentiate between the scenes that the truly observing authors present and those which have been "pepped" up by the introduction of sure fire theatrical devices. An untrained child from the circus is hardly likely to possess uplifht qualities of such superlative character that a whole mountain section, almost over night, i sraised from poverty and ignorance up to the heights of pecuniary success and poetical exaltation. A doubting stage manager put that in, and while it produces a certain number of laughs it does detract from the accomplishment of something real and artistic.

But the pictures which smack of the soil are admirable. What could be more truthful than the courtship between the boy and girl of rival mountain clans? what more really dramatic than the wedding ceremony kept within proper decorum by the liberal display of shooting irons? These were veritable gems of dramatic expression, I fear me, too mixed with baser metal fror a properly wide recognition. Scienically the production which Mr. John L. Golden has made is finely adequate and the view of the range of mountains by Gates and Morange quite beautiful.

The big cast is in most cases entirely adequate, in some particulars brilliant. The study of Mandy, a poor, ill-treated, ignorant girl of the region is pictured by iLela Bennett with a fidelity quite remarkable in its artistic repression. It's the best bit of sheer acting that I've seen in moons. Benjamin Kauser, as her boorish cavalier, was excellent and Burr McIntosh as the mountain preacher who for ethical results, took fearful chances, was big, bluff and hearty. Mart Heisey acted the circus tyrant to the life and two capital sketches of local character were counterparted by Horace James and Marion Kerby.

BOOTH. "TOO MANY HUSBANDS." Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on October 8 with this cast:

Victoria	Estelie Winwood
Miss Dennis	Beatrice
Taylor	Carolyn Darling
Mrs. Shuttleworth	Marguerite St. John
Leicester Paton	Fritz Williams
Major Frederick Lowndes	Lawrence Grossmith
Major William Cardew	Kenneth Douglas
Nannie	Marion Buckler
Mr. Raham	J. H. Brewer
Miss Montmorency	Florence Edney
Boy	Richard Gray

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lowed by a variety of other more or less salacious bedroom farces.

This season, the bed still looms large, but it is a perfectly decorous piece of furniture with no display of lingerie to make it suggestive.

For which progress, many thanks.

I also hasten to add that Mr. Woods' production of W. Somerset Maugham's clever farce, "Too Many Husbands," makes *amende honorable* for every former offense against good taste committed on the stage by this management.

Slight as it is, with practically no plot, the piece is wholly delightful. Relying rather on dialogue than on situation, the humor is typically and thoroughly English, the verbal points being made so quietly that it may prove *caviare* to the multitude, yet I doubt if even the least sophisticated of theatregoers will be able to resist this whimsical idea of the given-up-for-dead soldier returning home unexpectedly to find, Victoria, his silly little wife, consoling herself with another—each husband only too eager to escape further marital responsibilities by gracefully yielding the honors to his rival.

Their amusing altercation is interrupted by the resourceful Victoria who cuts the Gordian knot by offering to divorce both husbands—the necessary evidence being furnished by a bespectacled lady specialist who, introduced by the family lawyer, a somewhat exaggerated character, is willing again to compromise her reputation for the customary fee—the only conditions imposed being that she and her *vis-à-vis* play cards all night, and that the gentleman agrees not to "divest himself of a single garment."

All of which, as may be inferred, is skating on very thin ice. However, at no time are the propreities seriously violated.

The acting is admirable. It would be difficult to imagine the two leading masculine rôles being in better hands than those of Kenneth Douglas and Lawrence Grossmith who play the two husbands. Mr. Douglas' lightness yet sureness of touch and the quiet droll way in which he gets the laughs over, renders his performance among the best treats the local theatre has afforded in many a day. Mr. Grossmith, worthy son of a famous sire, proved an excellent foil, while Estelle Winwood, whose quiet method and rather frail personality served her well in this instance, gave verisimilitude to the character of the frivolous wife.

Fritz Williams, a favorite of the old Lyceum days, was the wealthy admirer for whom Victoria is willing to throw over her former husbands. His rather aggressive manner peculiar to the American school of acting, was in marked contrast with the quiet method of the English players. Marguerite St. John played with authority the conventional mother-in-law.

GARRICK. "THE FAITHFUL." Japanese drama in three acts by John Masefield. Produced on October 13 with this cast:

Asano	Rollo Peters
Kurano	Augustin Duncan
Hazama	Henry Travers
Kodera	Robert Donaldson
Hara	Erskine Sanford
An Old Samurai	William J. Nelson
A Widow's Son	Noel Leslie
Shoda	Walter Geer
Kira	Henry Herbert
Sagisaka	Boris Korlin
Kamai	Walter Howe
Honzo	Erskine Sanford
The Envoy	Henry Stillman
Ono	Milton Pope
Captain of Guard	Albert Lester
Wild Cherry	Mary Blair
Lady Kurano	Helen Westley
Chikara	Richard Abbott
Starblossom	Julia Adler

WE often love a dramatist or a poet as much from what gets into report about him as from the documentary evidence of his gifts. He once said that the greatest thing in life is the joy in children—children of one's own. That is manliness and the simple heart. That is John Masefield. Unfailingly he touches the note of human sympathy, always without affectation of phrase.

His play, "The Faithful," is not an easy task for production. The Theatre Guild, faithful to fine purpose, has done well in bringing it to view at the Garrick Theatre, but could and should do better and finally achieve its possibilities if it should be kept in repertory.

It cannot be agreed that scenery by means of Japanese screens or backgrounds is effective in every direction. What of the fertile fields and the happy valley in which dwelt these lovers of right and justice, faithful to the last in their conception of duty? What we know as modern scenery is one of the greatest economies in playwriting itself because of the lavish and necessary detail it furnishes. However, Mr. Lee Simonson's decorative backgrounds are unimpeachable in their suggestiveness.

The costumes, too, are authentic, beautiful, graceful, and, with the screen scenery, maintain a certain unity of impression.

The story of the play and the legend upon which it is founded are as vital to-day as they were centuries ago. It concerns autocracy and revolt against it. There could be nothing more human than Lord Kira, the evil Emissary who compasses the death of Lord Asano, seeking his lands, and becoming great himself by the ruin of others. Of humble origin, stepping higher and higher through fawning and servility, vicious, a libertine, implacably cruel, —a fine theatric figure, affording great opportunities, Lord Kira was acted by Henry Herbert with something approaching adequacy. Asano, giving the sense of the finest spirit of all the nobles, the first victim, and whose death furnishes the full action of the story, was finely acted by Rollo Peters, who set a mark reached by none of the others.

In the actual conspiracy to avenge the death of Asano, Kurano, his friend and chief counsellor, is the moving spirit. He has to assume madness, profligacy and utter abandonment to vice. Possibly there is a slip in the play itself in that his motives are not soon enough revealed to the audience, but his are the opportunities of the play in the acting. Mr. Augustin Duncan fell short in effectiveness, owing to some extent perhaps to the defect mentioned in the play itself. It is a remediable defect.

In the lines of the play a deep note of tragedy is struck in Kurano's scenes with the outcase woman.

It would be foolish, unprofitable and untrue to say that John Masefield's "The Faithful" reached its ultimate

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effectiveness in this performance. Steady revision—even in a rearrangement of parts of the play—should make it an achievement worth striving for. As a melodrama alone, along with the exalted spirit of Masefield and the Daimyos, it has elements of power yet to be developed.

48TH STREET. "THE STORM." A melodrama in four acts, by Langdon McCormick. Produced October 2, with the following cast:

Burr Winton	Edward Arnold
David Stewart	Robert Rendel
Maniteekwa	Charles Henderson
Jacques Fachard	Max Mitzel
Manette Facnard	Helen MacKellar

Weather forecast for New York, and later for the hinterland: "Lightnin'," "Thunder," followed by a "Storm."

JUST the forecast alone would be rather incomplete, hence it may be well to explain what sort of a storm Langdon McCormick, aided and abetted by rainmaker George Broadhurst, has brewed. For there are storms of many sorts. There are monsoons, there are cyclones, there are tornados, there are rainstorms, there are family storms, and there are brainstorms. Going to the play with the preconceived notion that Langdon McCormick must have had a bad attack of brainstorm to conceive the idea that the days of the old ten, twent, thirt, could stage a comeback, or could comeback to the stage at H. C. L. prices I was agreeably surprised to find that the cunning of his brain was such that he could give a "regular" audience a show they could enjoy, as it was not the cunning of his writing but rather the genius of his building which turns the trick, for he has constructed stage settings which actually took curtain calls, and a mechanical forest fire which burns right down to the footlights, sending huge giants of the forest crashing on the cabin in which the "Farnumlike" hero has been imprisoned by the treacherous villyun who would like to make off with the fawnlike heroine.

If one were inclined to be unkind one might say that Mr. McCormick had taken the vaudeville sketch, "The Forest Fire," and constructed not written, a play around it, but he constructed a really entertaining play, and after all our main incentive in going to the theatre is to be entertained. There is nothing strikingly original about the plot. It deals with primal passions in a forest primeval in the "far Northwest." Here in the early winter Burr Winton, a type of woodsman such as William Farnum might have delighted to have portrayed in his own stock days, has agreed to become "pardners" with a guitar-playing Englishman, David Stewart, and they are to spend the winter together. Through the connivance of Mr. McCormick with Fate, Manette Fachard is forced to share the cabin with them. Her father opportunely dying she is placed in the hands, not arms, of Winton, for safekeeping and finally for keeps.

Then comes the fight to keep the girl between the untutored Winton and the tutoring Stewart, who contrives in giving lessons in spelling to Winton and Manette to see that Winton is given such words to spell as, as—, well, as neither Winton nor the reviewer can spell. Stewart shows familiarity with all of the tricks of his trade, a cigarette, a gun, a knife, a fire, and a girl, to say nothing of playing the guitar and singing, yes, he is quite an "accomplished" villain.

Helen MacKellar is pretty, and oh, so appealling in a rôle that Lenore Ulric should have had. She is a real little actress but her alleged French-Canadian accent sounded rather Swedish. She might send an S. O. S. to Miss Ulric. Edward Arnold with a winsome smile and a massive frame was entirely satisfactory in his "Farnumrole," while Robert Rendel might have been a bit more convincing. The Indian of Charles Henderson was good.

GLOBE. "APPLE BLOSSOMS." Operetta in a prologue and two acts. Music by Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi. Book and lyrics by William Le Baron. Based on "Un Mariage sous Louis XV" by Dumas. Produced on October 7 with this cast:

Nancy	Wilda Bennett
Lucy Fielding	Pauline Hall
Anabel Mason	Hilah Reeder
Richard (Dickie) Stewart	Percival Knight
Mail Carrier	Frank Snyder
Chauffeur	George Fordyce
George Winthrop Gordon	Harrison Brockbank
Harvey	Roy Atwell
Phillip Campbell	John Charles Thomas
Mrs. Anne Merton	Florence Shirley
Julie	Rena Parker
Polly	Juanita Fletcher
Molly	Adele Astaire
Johnny	Fred Astaire

FIRST nights come and first nights go and for the most part I wouldn't miss 'em if they didn't come at all.

But I will confess looking forward with interest to Charles Dillingham's presentation of "Apple Blossoms." I anticipated another "Sari." But "Apple Blossoms" is not another "Sari." It comes very near not being entertaining. Were it not for two excellent young dancers—the Astaires,—and two pretty Kreisler songs, *"Who Can Tell"* and *"Star of Love,"* "Apple Blossoms" would be dull stuff. The music throughout is of a quality superior to most musical shows. It is at all times excellent, and at times positively inspiring. But more fidelity to the rules and regulations of pure technique and harmony cannot, in an operetta, at any rate, take the place of originality and vigor and charm of melody, and in these latter virtues the score of "Apple Blossoms" lacks distinction. It is pretty, it pleases, but it fades from memory with its last note. In other words it is not what I expected of Fritz Kreisler.

William Le Baron as a lyricist does far better work than Mr. Kreisler as a comedy operettist. I wish I could say as much for his book which is tiresome and makes the music more acceptable by reason of its being occasional relief from a series of long-winded talk scenes garnished with slender humor. The plot is a gnarled adaptation of the younger Dumas's "Un Mariage sous Louis XV." Gnarled, obviously, to bring it within the class of entertainment "the young girl may see." It is ham without mustard.

The chorus is attractive but underworked. At times it looks bored, but certainly no more so than the front row

(Continued on page 354)

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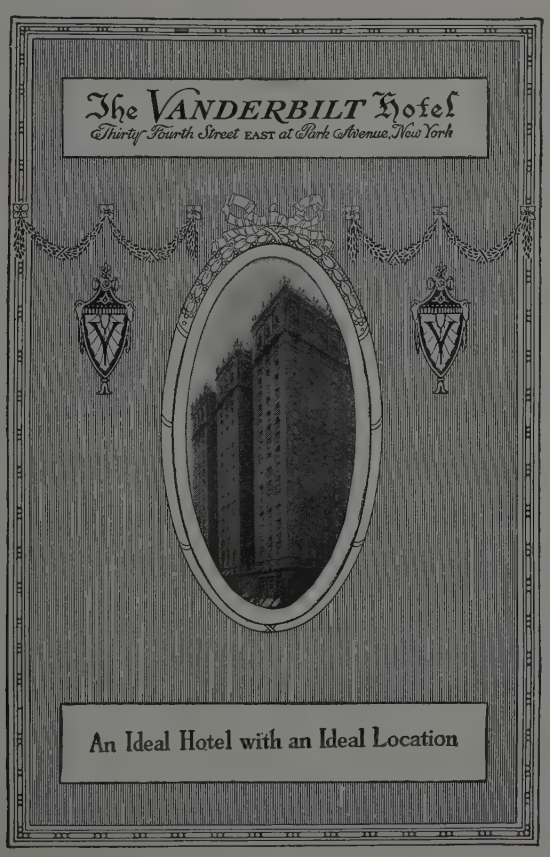

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 350*)

gentlemen who are treated to the unusual spectacle of long skirt costumes in each of the three acts. This is a daring innovation of Broadway which should not pass unnoticed. John Charles Thomas's excellent voice is as usual the singing success of the musical show season, and with Wilda Bennett's does ample justice to the material given. Miss Bennett is at her best singing "*Star of Love*," a Spanish song, during which she executes a deft *pas seul* and plays prettily with a large black feather fan. The balance of the cast serves adequately. And those Astaire kids did more than their share. They kept me in good humor.

44TH STREET. "HELLO ALEXANDER." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Edgar Smith and Emily M. Young; lyrics by Alfred Bryan; music by Jean Schwartz. Produced on October 7 with this cast:

Colonel Winslow	Dan Quinlan
Lieutenant Jack Winslow	Jack Cagwin
Aunt Kittie	Sophie Tucker
Ethel Winslow	Jean Tyne
Captain Chomendley	Earl Rickard
"Toots McSwat"	Frank Westphal
Joe	Joe Hamilton
Simons and Slocum	Boyle and Brazil
Lieutenant Clay	Fred Bliss
Lieutenant Allen	Murry Salet
Lieutenant Gordon	Harry Forsyeth
Lieutenant Jackson	Martin Griffin
"Muggs" Casey	Charles Judson
Spike Murphy	Eddie Flynn
Jim Delilly	Larry Clifford
Bull Conners	Joe Hamilton
Leader of Crowd	Milton Pohs
Maude Bradbury	Rose Quinn
Mrs. Carter	Gabriel Grey
Gloria Carter	Chick Barrymore
Eczema Johnson	Mabel Elaine
Susie Folsom	Lottie Reick
Mary Lawton	Peggy Dempsey
Mollie Bragg	Dot Mantell
Aunt Jemima	Vivian Holt
Mammy Cloe	Lillian Rosedale
Alexander	James McIntyre
Henry Clay Jones	Thomas K. Heath

IT was immediately after the close of the Civil War, with the negro emancipated, that a Southern girl, accosted an aged colored lady with, "I have lost my way. Can you tell me, Auntie—" and received the reply, "I ain't your Auntie. I's your ekal."

The racial characteristics that made minstrelsy possible were fast disappearing. But with a difference the "negro" minstrel, on the fantastic and farcical side, remains as amusing as ever. He has the advantage of facial and labial expression and a franchise in extravagances in dress, manner and voice.

McIntire and Heath represent this old form of entertainment with success. They would represent it better if the authors of the book of "Hello Alexander" had contrived a better assimilation of negro minstrelsy with modern comic opera. The comic opera element is overwhelming with its troops of dancing and singing girls and its display of feminine bare legs exhibited, in one or two numbers, on a glass covered runway with electric lights beneath. More fantasy in the story and the happenings and less physical fact of the particular kind might improve the substance and spirit of the production.

With all this lack of consistency, not easy to describe, the special features are of the popular kind. Sophie Tucker has half a dozen songs full of the Broadway comradeship that bring pleasure to those who live in the bright lights. Singularly enough the unfelicitously named Eczema, in black face (Mabel Elaine), in acting and dancing was more satisfactory than her fairer sisters in barer legs. There you had whimsicality and the minstrel spirit.

In expenditure and scenic and other display "Hello Alexander" is produced after the Broadway manner of the moment.

FULTON. "FIVE O'CLOCK." Comedy in three acts by Frank Bacon and Freeman Tilden. Produced on October 13 with this cast:

Davis	Paul Porter
Mrs. Burdette	Vivia Ogden
Daniels	Joseph Conyers
Higgins	David Higgins
Dr. Marsh	Tim Murphy
Dr. Gould	Paul Everton
Alice Gould	Alberta Burton
Orville Stackwood	Leslie Austen
Jimmy	Robert Schilling
Mrs. Murray	Mina Gleason
Holliday	Hayward Ginn
George Stackwood	Perce Benton
Emma Stackwood	Gertrude Maitland
Percival Brighton	Byron Russell
Katherine Brighton	Sarah Edwards
Watkins	Charles T. Lewis
Dr. Doyle	G. Lester Paul
Miss Carrol	Elizabeth Burbridge

THE "new art" dramatic workmen who sneer at unities and laugh at rules may well have a look at "Five o'Clock" an "American comedy" by Frank Bacon and Freeman Tilden. I recommend it, in fact, to all students of dramatic composition as an interesting example of how inept technique can prevent a good story from becoming a good play.

The story, the idea, the character development are excellent. It has the stuff of a thoroughly worth-while novel. But its co-authors have worked separately rather than together. One of them (Mr. Bacon probably) has written a comedy suggestive of "Lightnin'", built about a group of country characters engaged in antics wholly irrelevant to the drama which the other author has endeavored to create.

This jumble of dramatic elements becomes apparent mid-way in the first act when the audience, settling down comfortably to the enjoyment of a small town rustic comedy, flavored heavily with farce, suddenly learns that the main character, although mentally a perfectly sound young man, has been kept for years in an institution for the weak-minded due to the negligence of his older sisters and brothers. Here we have a powerful dramatic note that nearly approaches tragedy. The "rube" comedy and cheap sentiment that accompanies it throughout is as alien to its development as any scene from "Pollyanna" would be to "Justice." The immediate result of this impossible combination is confusion to the audience and eventually a permanent loss of their interest.

The narrow-minded medical director of the institution, where Orville Stackwood has been retained for thirteen years, refuses to recognize his patient's sanity, basing his beliefs on involved Viennese psychopathic theories. Act-

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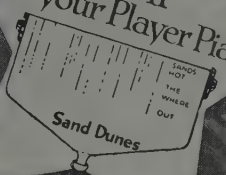

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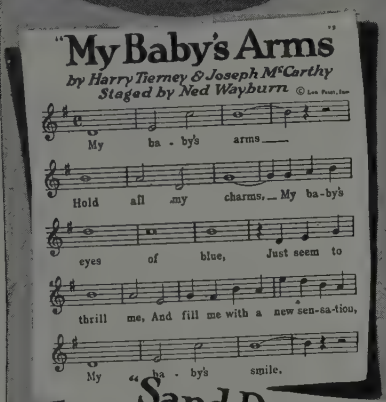

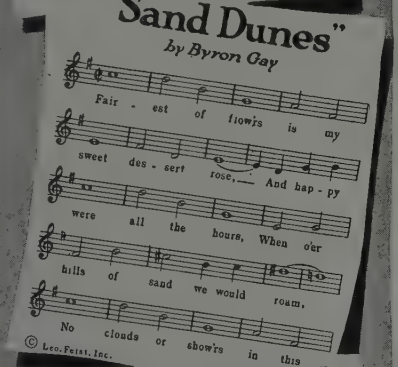

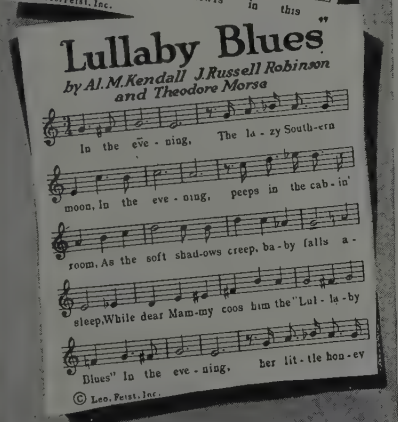

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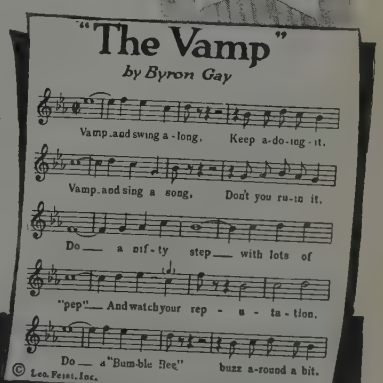

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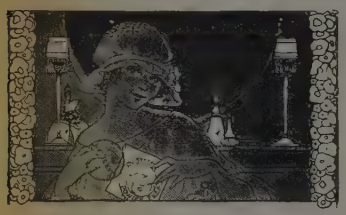

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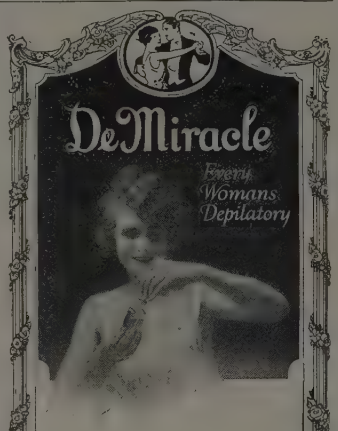

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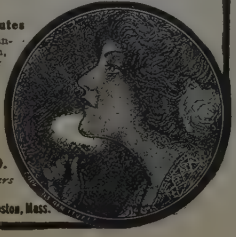

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ually, Orville's sole fault had been the winning of the displeasure of his elders, who, themselves eccentric, could not understand it when he seemed to prefer the company of mongrel dogs to that of thoroughbreds or when he failed to sympathize with their views as to what a normal young boy's interests should be. Only a letter written to them secretly by the daughter of the medical director, who has fallen in love with Orville, awakens the conscience of the latter's family into asking for a further medical examination (this after thirteen years).

In Act 2 this examination takes place and due to the efforts of a plain-speaking country doctor and the disclosure that Orville has written a brilliant treatise on the subject of treating the mentally incompetent, Orville gains his liberty. Incidentally, this particular scene which has great potential power is well nigh ruined by an arrant and preposterous caricature of Orville's relatives. Supposed to be modern society folk, all faddists of one sort or another, the characters are so overwritten and the roles so badly played as to destroy whatever strength or realism the act might otherwise have.

The play, of course, ends with young Stackwood's attainment of his liberty and his winning the doctor's daughter. But unhappily for everybody but him these events occur (or *should* occur) at the end of the second act, and to fill in the time between then and eleven o'clock the authors have devised what is perhaps the most completely unnecessary third act it has been in my experience to witness.

Leslie Austen makes a pleasing and plausible Orville Stackwood and Alberta Burton as the doctor's daughter does efficient work. Tim Murphy as Dr. Marsh, a country doctor, lends genuine character to the part, and his performance would be as good as could be wished for if he avoided a tendency to orate at stirring moments. The production is staged with exceeding care and skill and the entire cast with the exception of the Stackwood family is well chosen.

VICTOR RECORDS

Another gem is taken out of a more or less neglected mine this month—the great duet from Donizetti's "L'Elisir d'Amore," presented by Enrico Caruso and Giuseppe de Luca. "Roses of Picardy" is a song taken almost at random from the many beautiful songs the new day has give to the world, and translated into a thing of more exalted beauty by the voice of John McCormack, the artist who can find beauty, and rediscloses it, in everything he touches. It is adorably sung, and at its climax there is a wonderful high note that brings forth the full power and sweetness of the artist's voice. Louise Homer sings "Messiah" with something more than artistry. Hearing her superb voice so laden with feeling, it is easy to believe that for the time the singer is not giving forth the words of her own lips, or even the faith of her own soul, but that she is uttering the Divine and Eternal promise as an instrument of the Divine Will.

LYRIC. "NOTHING BUT LOVE." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Frank Stammers. Score by Harold Orlob. Produced on October 14 with this cast.

Billy Marbury	Easton Yonge
Lucy Cotton	Marion Sunshine
June Marbury	Ruby Norton
Allyn Hicks	Andrew Tombes
Doctor Tibbetts	Donald Meek
"His Majesty"	Millicent Gleeman
Drake	Robert Woolsey
Bella, a Maid	Florence Enright
Mrs. Maud Winchester	Arline Fredericks
Teddy Winchester	Clarence Nordstrom
Brooks	Philip Bishop
Stacey Adams	John Roche
Commodore Marbury	Stanley H. Forde
Fleming	Jack McSorley

LOVE—clinging, cloying, saccharine—is the keynote of "Nothing But Love" as the title frankly admits. The little germ of the sweet malady attaches itself to practically every one in this sparkling musical play, and the symptoms manifest themselves in various ways and on the slightest provocation.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912*, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St. New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1919. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New York Co. Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Register's No. 10203. (My term expires March 30, 1920.)

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1919

A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO ALL

LIKE the clown in the pantomine, we can exclaim "Here we are again!"

In spite of strikes, paper shortage, and all other kinds of troubles, we are still able to mail you our annual Christmas present—the December issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

If we have any apologies to make, it is in regard to the quality of the paper used this month in the Rotogravure Section. THEATRE MAGAZINE readers are accustomed to better paper than this. Again you must blame the strikes—not us. It is a fault which will soon be remedied. We ask only a little patience and the THEATRE will be itself again.

But enough about the December number. It speaks for itself. We'd like to tell you the features of the January, 1920, issue, but we can't. There are so many interesting articles, so many beautiful pictures. We may, however, tell you in confidence that

---

Brander Matthews will contribute another interesting article on "The Old Comedies."

That—

Howard Greer has sent us direct from Paris an amusing article entitled "The Real Bohemia," with clever sketches done in his inimitable style. Our own Greenwich Villagers—would-be Bohemians— will have to sit up and take notice when they read of the real Bohemian types Mr. Greer portrays.

That—

Maeterlinck, the great Belgian poet, being an honored visitor to this country, an article throwing personal sidelights on this noted dramatist, his views and personality, is given prominent space in a brilliant interview in the January issue.

Nor—

Must we forget the big Motion Picture Section in January, nor the hundreds of exquisite and unusual pictures.

The January issue will be just a sample of what we have in store for our readers during 1920.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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Christmas

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